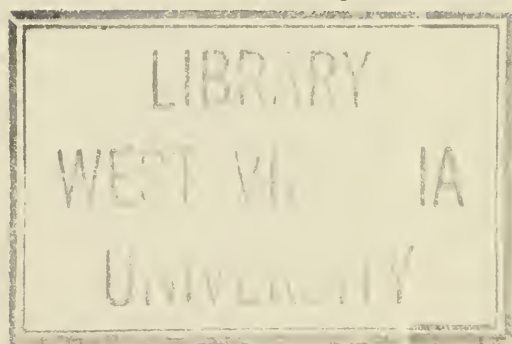


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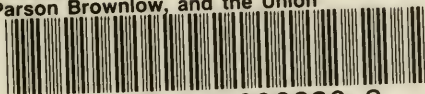
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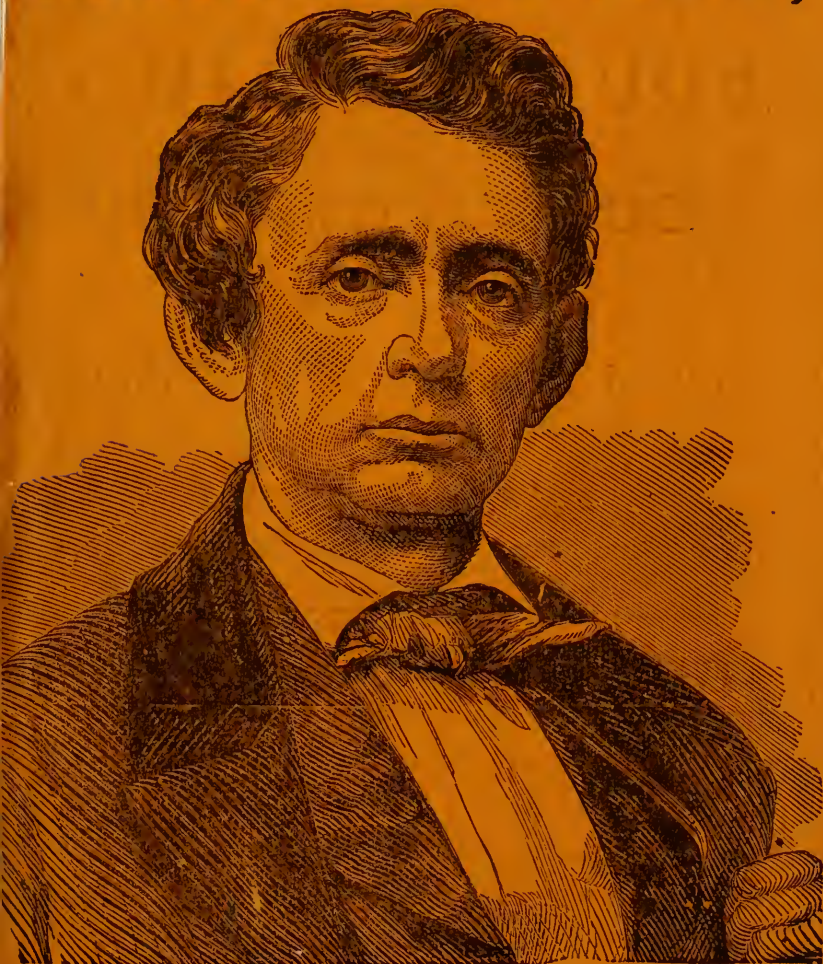
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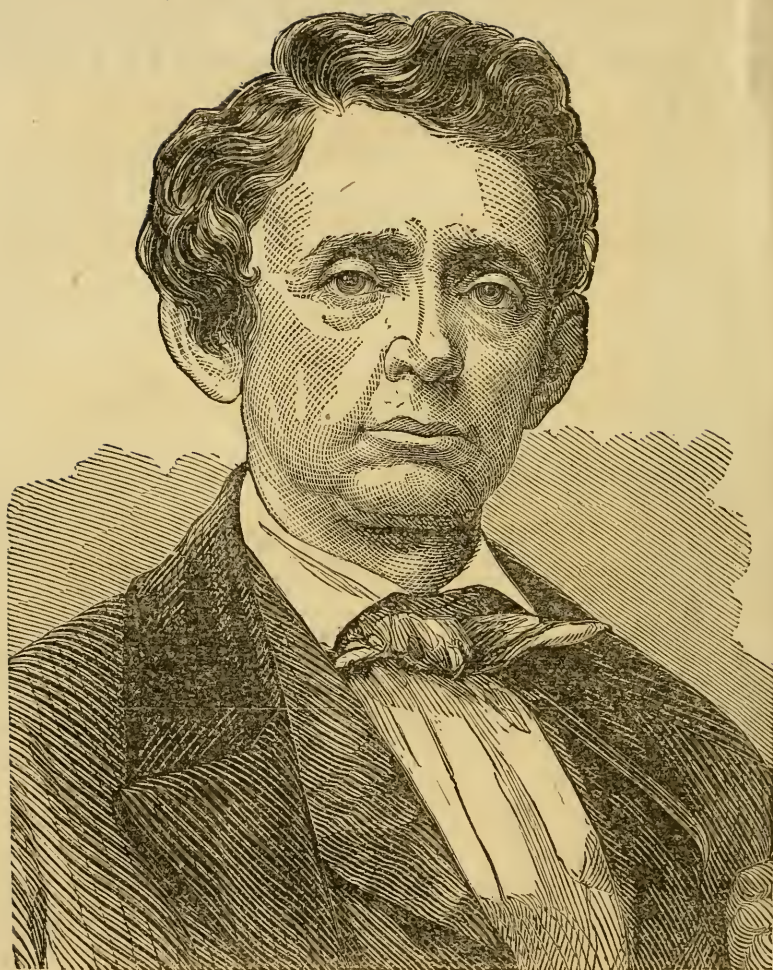
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PARSON BROWNLOW,

AND THE

UNIONISTS OF EAST TENNESSEE:

WITH A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

COMPRISING THE STORY OF THE EXPERIENCES AND SUFFERINGS OF THE UNIONISTS OF EAST TENNESSEE; THE PARSON'S REMARKABLE ADVENTURES; INCIDENTS OF THE PRISON-LIFE OF HIMSELF AND COADJUTORS; ANECDOTES OF HIS DAUGHTER; EDITORIALS OF THE KNOXVILLE WHIG; TOGETHER WITH AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF

BUELL'S OCCUPATION OF TENNESSEE.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE extraordinary interest now felt in "Parson" Brownlow, and in the cause which he represents, has rendered the issue of this volume a necessity if the publishers would answer the demands of the trade for which they cater.

It is not designed to forestall nor to supplant the volume now passing through the press, from the Parson's own pen, giving a detailed personal narrative of his sufferings and experiences in East Tennessee. Its purpose is, rather, to answer to the want of "the many"—those who can not or care not to purchase the more expensive book.

We are enabled to here gather, and to state, many things relating to, and related of, the Parson and his family, which it is probable his own version will not make public. The incidents connected with his family and personal history during the past eighteen months, if all told, would make one of the most novel of volumes—so remark

able is the man and so remarkable have been his experiences. We gather such as have been made public; and add, from the *Knoxville Whig*, some of those editorials which must be regarded as among the most singular and extraordinary specimens of American journalism.

The version of the Parson's sufferings and experiences, in and out of prison in East Tennessee, here given, is substantially that of his addresses delivered at Cincinnati and in the Eastern cities. They will be found as startling as a romance, and their perusal will inspire, in the breasts of every loyal reader, but one desire—that of bringing to justice the tyrants and miscreants whose reign in the South has been justly pronounced a reign of terror.

The table of contents will show that the volume also embraces much interesting incidental matter. The chapter on the rebel evacuation of Nashville will be found particularly enlivening.

BEADLE AND COMPANY.

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# THE PARSON'S SAYINGS.

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— AN Alabama secession paper inquires if the Border States know what is “The Height of Impudence?” We answer for the Border States that it is to see and hear a man swaggering and swearing in every crowd he enters, that he will go out of the Union because he can’t get his rights, by having the privilege guaranteed to take slaves in the Territories, when, in fact, he does not own a negro in the world, never did, and never will; and withal can’t get credit in any store in the country where he lives, for a wool hat or a pair of brogans!

— General Pillow, being about raising a brigade of volunteers for the Southern army, sent a message to the Parson, requesting him to serve as Chaplain. The notable reply was: “When I shall have made up my mind to go to hell, I will cut my throat, and go *direct*, and not travel round by way of the Southern Confederacy.”

— I have done my duty according to the best of my ability, and at the risk, to be sure, of my neck, which, after all, is a small matter, when compared with the interest of our glorious Union. The man, North or South, who would not risk his property and imperil his life and his earthly—I had like to have said his eternal—all, to put down this unnatural rebellion, and uphold the glorious flag of his country, does not deserve the name of an American.

— If I owed the devil a debt to be discharged, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his satanic majesty of twelve northern men who sympathized with this infernal rebellion.

— We had four tickets in the field, the last race—Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett,—the Bell and Everett ticket was a kind of kangaroo ticket, with all the strength in the legs—and there was a Douglas and Johnson, and a Breckenridge and Lane ticket. This last named was the meanest and shabbiest ticket of the four. It was steeped in treason and treachery. Lincoln was elected fairly and squarely under the forms of law and the constitution, and though I was not a Lincoln man, yet I give in to the will of the majority, and it is the duty of every patriot and true man to bow to the majority.

— Let us drive the leaders of this rebellion down into the Gulf of

Mexico ; as the hogs possessed of the devils rushed into the sea of Galilee, so must they rush to destruction.

— If these God-forsaken scoundrels and hell-deserving assassins want satisfaction for what I have said—and it has been no little—they can find me on the streets of Knoxville every day of my life, but Sunday. I am, at all times, prepared to give them *satisfaction*. I take back nothing that I have ever said against the corrupt and unprincipled villians, but reiterate all, cast it in their dastardly faces, and hurl down their lying throats their own infamous calumnies.

— The Apostle Paul tells us that he had fought at one time with beasts, at Ephesus. I have done a little more than that. Not, however, claiming superiority over the great Apostle. I have fought the devil and Tom. Walker, and Jeff. Davis and his legion, and, honestly, gentlemen, I did not expect three months ago to see this city again, and my mind was really intent on “looking up a rope.”

— After pouring hot shot into them they consented to send me out of the Southern Confederacy, among the people I sympathized with. I consented and told them I would do more for the Confederacy than the devil had ever done—I would leave the country.

— The cause of the Union is the cause of God. I am willing to die for it, if it can be of service. One of my two boys is with me, and the other is with the Union army, fighting for our old home. As God is my witness, I would sooner that my son should be riddled with grape-shot under the flag of the Union than that he should triumph in the service of the accursed rebellion.

— A more unmitigated pack of scoundrels does not live than the preachers of God's word down South generally. As a general thing, the most unmitigated set of villians we have in the South are the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian preachers.

— Whenever secession enters into a man in the South, whether priest or levite, the devil accompanies it, and you may expect him to do the work of the devil alone from that time forward and forevermore.

— Fourteen Southern Senators, representing seven Cotton States took solemn oaths on the Holy Evangely that they would support the Constitution of the United States. During the day these men went through the forms of that support, and at night they plotted to overthrow the Government. These infamous villains ought to have their tongues cut out by the root, and be hung on a gallows as high as Haman.

— My motto is, “Grape for the masses, but hemp for the leaders.”

— The devil was the first secessionist ever known, and he seceded from a better Government than leaders of our Cotton States did, but from the same motives. “Rule or ruin” was the platform of both.

# SKETCH OF PARSON BROWNLOW'S LIFE.

---

UNQUESTIONABLY the subject of this sketch is one of the most remarkable men which the momentous times have called forth. Occupying a prominent position in the State of Tennessee as a journalist and a citizen, he lent his whole energies to the cause of the Union from the moment when treason first betrayed itself, for several months prior to the Presidential election (1861). For this fearless and unqualified support of the Union, he, of course, won the hearty dislike of the disunionists—who, at that time, were understood to comprise the Breckenridge wing of the Democracy of the Slave States. In his paper—the Knoxville Tri-weekly *Whig*—of July 14th, 1860, he wrote :

“ We have it from high Democratic authority, that the Douglas wing of that party will bring out proof to the effect that, when Breckenridge was nominated, it was understood that he had no chance for an election—that Lincoln’s chances of success would be increased by it, and that if elected, it would give the South a pretext for going out of the Union ! This infernal plot of disunion we have all along suspected, and we are glad it is coming out upon Democratic authority. And if Breckenridge has lent himself for such unholy purposes, as we have no doubt he has, he ought to be hung in effigy in every State in the Union. As for old Joe Lane, he has really no better sense than to go into any ‘ Gun Powder Plot

that will give him notoriety, and a chance for promotion. But come on with the proof, the country ought to see it. Honest Democrats ought to see it so as to appreciate the movement."

This "plot," which Brownlow's shrewd instincts had truly detected, he closely watched, and left no occasion unemployed where word or deed could oppose and expose it. The incident narrated [see page 52] of his interview with Yancey was on the occasion of that conspirator's visit to East Tennessee to "crush out" the Unionists, whose support of John Bell promised to give the State to that candidate, by an overwhelming majority. That visit terminated rather disastrously to the agitators' purposes, as the reader will infer from the Parson's own narrative; and, if East Tennessee remained firm in its Union faith, it was owing to the fearless manner in which Brownlow, Johnson, and others sustained the Union cause by opposing the Breckenridge Democracy.

The power of a few men to throw a state into revolution has been fully and painfully made apparent in the history of the rebellion. That Tennessee was thrown into the vortex is not to the discredit of the Unionist leaders. It was to their chagrin that John Bell, their candidate for the Presidency, bowed to the storm of treason, and left the noble band of brothers at the mercy of the cut-throats of the "Confederacy;" but, though humiliated by his defection, under the calm and unflinching soul of Brownlow, Unionism in East Tennessee did not perish altogether though it suffered and languished beneath persecutions, the sight of which a Christian age should have been spared. The country certainly never will cease to honor the man whose devotion never waned—whose voice never faltered in the utterance of burning words against treason and treachery. Brownlow's name will become synonymous with loyalty and scorn of wrong.

William G. Brownlow was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in the year 1809. His father, Joseph A. Brownlow, was an honest and deserving man—one who loved the right and hated the wrong; but, dying in 1816, he afforded his family but little aid in the direction of their education. The family moved, just prior to the parent's death, to Sullivan county, in East Tennessee, where the widowed mother soon died—leaving her five young children—three sons and two daughters—in a condition which threw them almost entirely upon their own energies for a support.

William, from boyhood, betrayed those traits of character which ever afterward distinguished him—of energy, tenacity of purpose and opinion, integrity and devotion to study. He obtained such education only as the meagerly ordered common schools of that section of the State afforded. It sufficed as a ground-work, however, of that which the energy of the young man was to supply by night study and observation.

Having learned the trade of carpenter and joiner, he labored at the bench and on frames to acquire the means of prosecuting his studies, and succeeded so far, as to fit himself for the ministry. He became an itinerant preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and traveled without intermission for ten years. These ten years were also years of study, and before their expiration, the young man had passed over a wide range of reading.

When quite young, Brownlow's lively interest in principles and men, led him to enter the political arena. In 1828, he became an ardent supporter of John Quincy Adams, for the Presidency—a support which required no little moral courage to give in a community which detested the man's anti-slavery views. But, Brownlow's reading and thinking had led him to espouse the views of the Federalists; and, since then, under all circumstances, he has upheld and propagated the

Federalist view of Government. In his late addresses he avows himself still to be a real, live Alexander Hamilton Federalist.

In 1832, Brownlow was sent by the General Conference of the Methodist Church to preach in South Carolina, in the counties of Pickens and Anderson.

In the latter county resided John C. Calhoun, whose moral character Brownlow admired, but whose principles he detested. As a consequence, he threw the weight of his personal influence and of his pen in the canvass against the Nullifiers, opposing their pernicious doctrines by word and speech whenever occasion offered. His stand, of course, arrayed the Nullifiers against him, and their aspersions and attacks upon the preacher became so vindictive as to impel him to print a pamphlet in his own vindication. The temper and spirit of that early stand against the enemies of the Federal Government may be inferred from the following extract from the pamphlet:

“South Carolina is looking to the formation of an independent *Province*, but will not be allowed any such privilege, as her leading men will infer from the proclamation of Old Hickory. I am threatened with proscription and starvation, because I have dared to assert that no law has been passed by Congress, touching the tariff, at variance with the guarantees of the Constitution and the rights and liberties of the Slaveholding States. So far as I am concerned, I ask no favors of the enemies of my Government, either in South Carolina or elsewhere. I can live without you, and live among a people who are loyal, and, having the fear of God before their eyes, they will be more likely to receive and appreciate the teachings of the gospel. That there are thousands of patriotic people in South Carolina, is true; but it is likewise true that there were more Tories here during the

Revolutionary War than in all the other States put together. And that the descendants of these old Tories are now in the lead of this Nullification Rebellion, needs no proof whatever to make the charge good."

The warfare then commenced led the preacher into a series of experiences more exciting than Christian in their nature, compelling him to fight his rather malignant assailants with all the weapons at his command. They finally resulted in his establishment of those papers with which his name has since become identified—the last of which, the *Knoxville Whig*, has now become national in its name and influence.

Of the *Whig* and its conduct a correspondent wrote: .

"The *Whig* was started at Jonesville, when Brownlow was not more than twenty-three years of age. After some time he perceived that Knoxville would be the leading city of East Tennessee, and he transferred his paper to that place. He reported all the country news, solicited mercantile and public printing, wrote the editorial and collected the subscriptions. A year ago he did the public printing for nine counties, and had laid by a good library, an office in the business section of the town, and a fine three story residence. The paper upon which the *Whig* was printed was manufactured near Knoxville, and he ordered his type and printing ink from the East. His force upon the *Whig* consisted of a foreman, two journeymen, and two apprentices. His fulminations were written in the quiet privacy of his residence. He did not compose rapidly, but could work perseveringly and without intermission. In this hum-drum plodding way the editorials were composed that chafed and crazed his enemies, and made the whole country grin by their eccentricity, terseness and inveteracy. He was, of course, as the leading whig editor of East Tennessee, thrown in connection with most of the public men of that section, and used to take the stump, in emergencies, where he displayed the same extravagance, vigor, and fluency."

The same authority said:

"During all this time he was a local Methodist preacher, in

full connection, attached to the East Tennessee Conference, and equally good at a sermon or an exhortation. He sat in the Methodist General Conference at Philadelphia in 1832, and was the most eminent controversialist of the South-west. His reply to Graves' Iron Wheel, a Baptist attack upon Methodism, circulated to the extent of one hundred thousand copies, and his books upon slavery have been singularly successful. These have paid him nothing. He has carried arms for twenty years, even in the pulpit."

Much of his history succeeding the establishment of the *Whig* is told in the course of the following narrative of events and experiences. It need not, therefore, be repeated here.

His reception in the cities of the North, the earnest desire to see him reëstablish his paper (suspended, by order of Jefferson Davis, in October, 1861), the money tendered him for that purpose, all prove that the times have found, in him, one of those characters whose mission is, like that of Luther and Cromwell, great with good to the *ideas* of his day.

# PARSON BROWNLOW:

AND THE

## UNIONISTS OF EAST TENNESSEE.

---

SKETCH OF AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE PRIOR TO JUNE 8TH,  
1861.

THE Unionists of East Tennessee! A term now significant of long suffering, of devotion to a principle, of faith in the triumph of right: it will be, in history, a landmark to characterize the noblest traits of a State or people struggling for existence in the midst of terrors which shock humanity by their very magnitude.

Of the names of those who have become recognized as "representative men," that of WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW will stand among the foremost of those who fought for the Union in the midst of disunion. Though less known in political circles than Andrew Johnson, he is not less a champion of loyalty than that fearless loyalist; and, whatever the future may witness of his labors, he has done enough, has suffered enough, to entitle him to the gratitude of the friends of truth, law and order everywhere. That he has the gratitude of our people is evident in the vast audiences which have gathered to hear his story wherever it has been told, East and West; and, that he is admired for his devotion to the Government, is apparent in the cordiality of reception which everywhere is extended to him, personally. Governor Morgan, of New York, only

expressed the feelings of all loyalists toward "the Parson," when, in his letter to the Committee under whose auspices Mr. Brownlow addressed the people at the Academy of Music, New York city, on the evening of Thursday, May 15th—he said:

"I feel anxious, in common with thousands of my neighbors and fellow-citizens of New York, to enjoy the opportunity thus afforded of expressing my admiration of and sympathy for the man who, with true heroism, has withstood the blandishments and braved the threats of the leaders and fomenters of the conspiracy against the Union.

"I feel sure that your demonstration will lack nothing in numbers or spirit—it certainly will not if it truly reflects the sentiments of New York. The people of this State have watched the course of your distinguished guest with interest. They saw him, faithful among the faithless, and listened with delight to his brave words, when the rebellion first threatened the safety of the Government; their interest grew into anxiety when its darkness gathered over his devoted home, and they now welcome him as one whose acts have justified his words, and who, while braving, has been saved from martyrdom.

"I doubt not your sympathy will be so earnest toward him, as the representative of the loyal men of the rebellious States, that they will be assured our affections for them have suffered no diminution, and that we fully appreciate that quality of patriotism, which not only vindicates itself in the midst of dangers, but survives atrocities which traitorous hands accumulate against it."

A man to win such encomiums—to excite so much enthusiasm—must have done much. That no single man has done more for the Union cause in Tennessee is confessed. Parson Brownlow from the incipient stages of the treason, hatched by a few designing knaves, opposed it with all the weight of his

personal influence and the power of his unsparing pen. He never used soft words to characterize a hard deed; he never covered up his convictions from "motives of policy;" he never shrunk from the danger his open censures incurred; he was ever faithful, consistent and true to his national loyalty and his State devotion. Hence, when, after the election for President in 1861, he became a rallying point around which the Unionists of East Tennessee gathered, as Andrew Johnson became the rallying point for those of Middle Tennessee, the columns of the *Knoxville Whig*—the Parson's own paper—fairly blazed with the fire of his rhetoric, aimed against secession and treason. As, step by step, the cause grew in strength in the Cotton States, the Parson's patriotism and devotion grew in intensity; as the danger increased, his courage mounted higher and his invectives grew fiercer. He therefore became both hated and feared by the conspirators, whose threats he despised, whose courage he derided, whose characters he scorned; while to the Unionists he became hourly more trusted and revered.

Matters thus proceeded up to the election held in February to decide the question of "Convention," or "no Convention," when the delegates chosen to represent the Union sentiment (in event of the "Convention" call being accepted) were elected by tremendous majorities. The vote (as represented by returns up to March 10th, was:

|                   | UNION. | DISUNION. |
|-------------------|--------|-----------|
| East Tennessee,   | 30,903 | 5,577     |
| Middle Tennessee, | 36,809 | 9,828     |
| West Tennessee,   | 24,091 | 9,344     |
|                   | <hr/>  | <hr/>     |
|                   | 91,803 | 24,749    |

The final returns gave the Unionists a majority of over *sixty* thousand. Against this the conspirators of course were

powerless ; but, so successful are bad men, closely united in a bad cause, that the world lived to see the State sold out by Governor Harris to the Confederate Government as if it were a piece of real estate. Davis was given possession of the property (May 7th), and soon his hordes rushed in, to the consternation and destruction of the Union cause. The Ordinance of Secession was, with a great show of favor to the voters, allowed to be submitted for their sanction—the election being fixed for June 8th. Before this date, Jefferson Davis's cut-throats were everywhere over the State, in such force that in very few localities did a Union man dare to avow his sentiments. Before that date the work of immolation commenced and the Unionists daily shrunk away from the fiery ordeal.

The Union leaders were up and at large, however. In East Tennessee, Brownlow, Johnson, Nelson and others were constantly before the people urging them to fight the scoundrels to the last. Brownlow, in his paper of May 11th announcing the adoption of the Ordinance, thus sounded the alarm :

“The deed is done!—and a black deed it is. The Legislature of Tennessee, in secret session, passed an ordinance of secession—voting the State out of the Federal Union, and changing the federal relations of a State, thereby affecting, to the great injury of the people, their most important earthly interests. The men who did this deed in secret conclave, were elected two years ago, and they were elected and sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and the obligations of that oath must rest upon them until their successors are elected. They have dared to pass an ordinance that is really unconstitutional, unjustifiable, and is, upon the whole, a vile act of usurpation. That they say that the extraordinary emergency of the times demanded this outrage, will not do with those of us who know the State of Tennessee has not been oppressed, and is not invaded by a hostile foe, and is not likely to be unless we invite or provoke an attack. It has been the policy of all usurpers, in all ages, to excuse

themselves for the exercise of arbitrary power, intended at once to oppress the people and to deprive them of their liberties.

The apology for doing this deed in secret session is, that it would not do to act with open doors, and thereby let the United States Government know what was transpiring. This is only a pretext for this act—it was to prevent *the people of Tennessee* from knowing what vile work they were engaged in, and applying the remedy. They did not want the real people to read the speeches of Union men delivered in that body, who gave reasons, numerous and strong, why Tennessee should not go into Jeff. Davis's repudiating Confederacy. But unprincipled politicians have resolved upon governing the people, and to induce them to submit, they must keep them in the dark as to their vile schemes.

"In June, we are called upon to vote for or against this Ordinance of Secession, and all its train of evils, such as enormous taxes, and the raising of fifty thousand troops! Will the people ratify it, or will they reject it? Let every man, old and young, halt and blind, contrive to be at the polls on that day. If we lose then, our liberties are gone, and we are swallowed up by a military despotism more odious than any now existing in any monarchy in Europe!"

The "League" arranged between the authorities of Tennessee and the Confederate Government went into operation one month *prior* to the vote granted on the ordinance. That precious document read, in its provisions, as follows:

"The State of Tennessee, looking to a speedy admission into the Confederacy established by the Confederate States of America, in accordance with the constitution for the provisional government of said States, enters into the following temporary convention, agreement, and military league with the Confederate States, for the purpose of meeting pressing exigencies affecting the common rights, interests, and safety of said States and said Confederacy:

"*First.* Until the said State shall become a member of said Confederacy, according to the constitutions of both powers, the whole military force and military operations, offensive and defensive, of said State, in the impending con-

flict with the United States, shall be under the chief control and direction of the President of the Confederate States, upon the same basis, principles and footing, as if said State were now and during the intervals a member of the said Confederacy. Said force, together with those of the Confederate States, is to be employed for the common defense.

“*Second.* The State of Tennessee will, upon becoming a member of said Confederacy, under the permanent constitution of said Confederate States, if the same shall occur, turn over to said Confederate States all the public property, naval stores and munitions of war, of which she may then be in possession, acquired from the United States, on the same terms and in the same manner as the other States of said Confederacy have done in like cases.

“*Third.* Whatever expenditures of money, if any, the said State of Tennessee shall make before she becomes a member of said Confederacy, shall be met and provided for by the Confederate States.”

Here was the monster against which the Union leaders were to struggle. No wonder the people were powerless before such an array of bayonets and bowie-knives as they soon found at their very doors and windows. Brownlow, Johnson, Nelson, Maynard, Etheridge and other coadjutors, however, were roused to Herculean exertions.

Johnson hastened from Washington across Virginia to Tennessee, to enter the field against the Ordinance—hoping that enough of the late sixty thousand majority could be made to withstand the tempest of treason to vote the Ordinance down. At many points on the route, he was treated with great indignity by the Virginia chivalry; but, he forbore to resent the insults heaped upon him and his cause, not daring to jeopardize an arrest. Arrived on Tennessee soil, he at once took the stump against the tyranny inaugurated. At Elizabethtown, May 15th, an immense Union meeting was addressed by Johnson, T. A. R. Nelson, and N. G. Taylor. A report of the speeches then made, said:

“Judge Nelson spoke in thunder-tones against the diabolical acts which had been passed in the *secret caucus* recently held at Nashville by a body of men called together at the bidding of *King Harris*, who, in fact, while most unfortunately for the people of Tennessee, he was only elected as Governor, with all the legal and constitutional restrictions thrown around that office, seems to have taken upon himself the responsibility of assuming the characteristics of a proud *Dictator or King*, and bids defiance to all constitutional restraints. The acts and doings of that infamous Legislature will, sooner or later, receive the condemnation of the people of Tennessee which they so richly deserve. Mr. Nelson told the people that they had been passed over, body and soul, to Jeff. Davis and his *Cotton Confederacy*. He spoke in most withering terms of rebuke in regard to King Harris and his vile myrmidons in their late *secret counsels* at Nashville, and his eloquent address throughout was received with the most vociferous outbursts of applause by the vast assemblage, who listened to him with the most intense anxiety.”

Johnson's speech was equally severe. It occupied three hours in its delivery, and gave the utmost satisfaction.

Alas for liberty! These noble men labored in vain. When the eighth day of June came, the Union cause, almost dead and buried in West Tennessee, was sick and helpless in Middle Tennessee, and was only struggling, like the Laocoön, with the monster in East Tennessee. After that date, the Unionists were pronounced traitors to the State and the Confederacy, and were hunted like wild beasts until prisons only held those brave enough to refuse allegiance to the demon of treason. Those which the prisons did not hold, had quietly abandoned their hopes of the Union, and become supporters of the Confederate cause—as convicts in a prison-yard become laborers under the eye of the armed sentry at the gates.

May 31st, the following item appeared in the *Louisville Journal*:

"We don't know where Mr. Etheridge is at this time, but, wherever he may be, we would warn him of the danger of his returning to Tennessee. We could give him facts, which would convince him that he can return only at the imminent risk of his life. Instructions have certainly been given by General Pillow that he shall be hung, or shot, or otherwise killed at the first opportunity. He has been keenly watched for in all directions. Men were hunting for him last night in the cars, at or near the Tennessee line."

At that date, the "frontier" was guarded by bands of "regulators," and officers in the Confederate garb everywhere acted with supreme authority along the Tennessee line. Union men were rapidly fleeing for their lives by June 1st. A letter from Nashville, of that date, said:

#### LETTER OF A UNIONIST.

"Things have sadly changed in Middle Tennessee of late. The Union men are fairly muzzled since their leaders have all bolted, with two or three exceptions. You can not conceive the villainy, the lying, the baseness used to intimidate loyal men, and ruin the State forever. We have held several meetings lately, but the result only convinced me of one thing: the poor of the Southern States are unworthy of liberty. The Governor has mustered into the service about nineteen thousand troops in various parts of the State, but generally near Nashville. \* \* \* It is trying to think of commencing the voyage of life anew at the age of sixty, and to sunder every tie which clings around my fireside; but, rather than bow my gray head to treason and traitors, I will starve alone by the wayside; for if I can't get money to travel with, I will come as far as Cincinnati on foot. We get no news here until it is altered and revised by our 'Safety Committee.' "

Under such auspices, the people were permitted to vote upon the Ordinance of Secession! Did the world ever before gaze upon a spectacle at once so humiliating and so outrageous? Its only parallel was to be found in other Southern States, though in no other State were such outrages committed under the guise of law.

During all this struggle, Parson Brownlow was the same "defender of the faith" which he had been in times when personal danger and property seizure were less imminent. His house floated the American flag. It became the recognized head-quarters of Unionists; and as such, became watched and frequently visited by "the authorities." A week before the 8th of June, a body of four hundred Louisiana troops entered Knoxville, to prevent the Union demonstration apprehended there on the day of election. Parson Brownlow's residence and the office of the Knoxville *Whig* were placed under surveillance. The Union men were watched, menaced and abused. The Secessionists became not only arrogant, but maliciously disposed toward all who refused to indorse the League and the Ordinance. It became apparent to the most unobservant that liberty of press, of thought, of opinion were gone, and that persecution was thereafter to be the loyalists' portion.

#### BROWNLOW'S DEFIANCE.

Brownlow, in his own words, thus refers to the experiences of May and June (1861):

"When the rebellion fairly opened, they saw the course my paper was taking, and they approached me, as they did every other editor of a Union paper in the country, with money. They knew I was poor, and supposed it would have the same influence over me that it had over almost all the Union editors of the South, for they bought up the last devil

of them all throughout the South. I told them, as one did of old: Thy money perish with thee. I pursued the even tenor of my way, until the steam rose higher and higher with secession fire, as red and hot as hell itself, and commenced pouring along that great artery of travel, that great railroad to Manassas, Yorktown, Richmond and Petersburg. Then it was that, wanting in transportation, wanting in rolling stock, wanting in locomotives, they had to lie over by regiments in our town, and then they commenced to ride Union men upon rails. I have seen that done in the streets, and have seen them brake into the stores and empty their contents; and coming before my own house with ropes in their hands they would groan out, "Let us give old Brownlow a turn, the d——d old scoundrel; come out, and we will hang you to the first limb." I would appear, sometimes, on the front portico of my house, and would address them in this way: 'Men, what do you want with me?' for I was very select in my words. I took particular pains to never say gentlemen. 'Men, what do you want with me?' 'We want a speech from you; we want you to come out for the Southern Confederacy.' To which I replied: 'I have no speech to make to you. You know me as well as I know you; I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to this infernal rebellion in which you are engaged, and I shall fight it to the bitter end. I hope that if you are going in to kill the Yankées in search of your rights, that you will *get* your "rights" before you get back.'

"These threats toward me were repeated every day and every week, until finally they crushed my paper, destroyed my office, appropriated the building to a smith's shop to repair the locks and barrels of old muskets that Floyd had stolen from the Federal Government. They finally enacted a law in the Legislature of Tennessee authorizing an armed force to take all the arms, pistols, guns, dirks, swords and every thing

of the sort from all the Union men, and they paid a visit to every Union house in the State. They visited mine three times in succession upon that business, and they got there a couple of guns and one pistol. Being an editor and preacher, I was not largely supplied. I had, however, a *small* supply concealed under my clothes! Finally, after depriving us of all our arms throughout the State, and after taking all the fine horses of the Union men everywhere, without fee or reward, for cavalry horses, and seizing upon the fat hogs, corn, fodder and sheep, going into houses and pulling the beds off the bedsteads in daytime, seizing upon all the blankets they could find for the army; after breaking open chests, bureaus, drawers and every thing of that sort—in which they were countenanced and tolerated by the authorities, civil and military—our people rose up in rebellion, unarmed as they were, and by accident.”

#### THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

It was during those momentous days that the following incident occurred:

Early one morning in June, two armed men came up to the house of Brownlow. Mrs. More (the Parson's daughter) answered their summons. In answer to her inquiry as to what was their errand, one said, rudely:

“We have come to take down that d——d rag you flaunt from your roof—the Stripes and Stars.”

Mrs. More stepped back a pace or two within the door, drew a revolver from her dress pocket, and leveling it, answered:

“Come on, sirs, and take it down!”

The chivalrous Confederates were startled.

“Yes, come on!” she said, as she advanced toward them.

They cleared the piazza, and stood at bay on the walk

"We'll go and get more men, and then d——d if it don't come down!"

"Yes, go and get more *men*—you are not men!" said the heroic woman, contemptuously, as the two backed from the place and disappeared.

This same lady bore herself, throughout that trying period, with a courage and dignity worthy of the cause which she upheld. Her father's course had her hearty indorsement. She would have seen him perish in prison or on the scaffold rather than witnessed his submission to the rebels. No taunt, no infamous jest, (of which the chivalry availed themselves when opportunity offered,) no threat, no suffering could move her loyalty. Like her father, she shrunk from no denial of her birthright, and abhorred the Confederatēs and their cause.

#### THE PARSON'S FAMILY.

Of the loyalty of his entire family it would seem that no doubts could be entertained; yet a Virginia sheet, the Petersburg *Express*—with the license of falsehood which almost every journal in the South has practiced for so long a season as to make falsehood the rule and truth the exception—said, in announcing the arrival, at that place, of the Parson's wife and family, and the wife and family of Mr. Horace Maynard:—"Though the husbands have evinced an unaccountable hostility to the South and its cause, they (the ladies) are firmly attached to the Confederacy!"

To this mendacious statement the Parson replied in this characteristic manner:

"There is not one word of truth in this statement, unless it is alleged that the homes and firesides of these ladies, in Knoxville, from which they have been unceremoniously expelled by an insolent order of the commanding General, constitute the Confederacy. The order was issued to these

families by Wm. M. Churchwell, Provost-Marshal at Knoxville, giving them thirty-six hours in which to leave the Confederacy, leaving their houses and furniture behind, and escaping with a portion of their wearing apparel. Churchwell, who issued the mendacious order, no doubt took great pleasure in doing so; the hatred of Mr. Maynard's family grows out of Maynard having beaten him two thousand votes in that district in a contest for the U. S. Congress; the hatred for my wife and five helpless children grows out of my having convicted him of falsehood and dishonesty, in a court of justice, in a certain bank suit and huge swindle I brought against him. He ought now to drive out of the Confederacy five officers in his rebel regiment, who preferred the grave charge against him, at Richmond, of trying to draw from the paymaster of the army, upon false papers, *forty thousand* dollars more than he was entitled to! A fit representative of the morality, virtue and integrity of the bogus Confederacy! My family are up in the vicinity of Bordentown, N. J., and feel that to have escaped with their lives, and a part of their clothes, from the savage beasts of the Confederacy, is a great blessing, and that they can sing in good faith:

“‘God of my life, whose gracious power,  
Through *various deaths* my soul hath led;  
Has shone upon the darkened hour,  
Has lifted up my sinking head.’

“Every member of my family, old enough to appreciate the horrors of this infernal rebellion, despises the so-called Confederacy and the unprincipled villains who inaugurated it. The only difference between me and them is, that I claim to be capable of despising the wicked concern and all connected with originating it with more *intense hatred* than they can! But then I have trained them up ‘in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,’ which implies obedience to law and

order, and an undying hatred of secession and its guilty authors."

His family consists of eight children, five of whom are at school at Bordentown, New Jersey. Of two sons old enough to bear arms, one is in the Federal service in Tennessee, and one accompanied his mother North, in her journey from "Secessia." Mrs. More also accompanied the party in its exile. They all came from Tennessee by way of Fortress Monroe, under special charge of a rebel officer, of whose kindness to the members of his old friend's family the Parson makes grateful mention.

#### THE PARSON'S RECEPTION IN OHIO.

The Parson reached the North in March last, by way of Kentucky, and, utterly unconscious of the personal interest taken in his case, arrived at Cincinnati to be welcomed by an ovation which must have repaid him for much of his suffering and losses. So anxious were the people to hear him, that Pike's Opera House—the largest audience hall in the Queen City—was literally packed with persons of all classes. The story of that reception the Parson relates in his address hereafter referred to and quoted from. At Columbus, Ohio, a kindly welcome was extended, and, by a vote of the State House of Representatives, he was invited to address the Legislature in the Representative Hall. His address on that occasion was particularly unpalatable to that class of "Democrats" whose loyalty was seasoned with provisos designed to restore to citizenship and political power the conspirators—"our friends of the South." Against that class of men, the man who has suffered so much at the hands of the rebels, "our friends," does not spare his invective. His indignation probably was heightened by the fact that some sixteen representatives—all "Democrats"—voted against allowing him

the use of the hall. As the vast mass of Democrats are loyal and heartily devoted to the cause of the Union, none are more outraged than the constituents of those covert and contemptible abettors of treason.

Having arranged to issue his book in Philadelphia, Mr. Brownlow hastened east to enter upon the composition of his narrative, in which he was to tell such a story of wrong, of persecution, of losses—such a story of blood and agony inscribed over the names of many a Unionist of Tennessee—as to startle the nation into a closer apprehension of the nature and spirit of the secession rebellion.

#### THE PARSON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

The Parson did not reach New York until May 13th, when, at the request of the Young Men's Republican Union, he visited the metropolis to open subscription lists for the Knoxville *Whig*, and to address the people. His reception in the metropolis was such as to surprise and delight him. On all hands he found welcome—such as only a New York community can bestow when its sympathies are fully aroused.

A deputation met him at Amboy, New Jersey, and escorted him to the city. On the route up by steamer he was formally welcomed in these terms:

"SIR: It is made my duty, by the young men with whom I am associated—a duty which any of them would perform better than myself—to express, so far as I can, our gratification at seeing one who has suffered and done so much for the country, and whose glory it is thus to have labored and suffered. Tempted, as you were, to leave the old flag, there are few who would not have yielded. It required a moral power and courage which none at the North can estimate. Because you did so, we love and revere you. It seems to me that you are one of those of whom Milton dreamed, when he said that

there would be, in a late age, 'true men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous in all ages;' and so it shall be with you. When some impartial Macaulay shall write the history of the country, he will hardly find words to express his admiration for your character. I can not say how heartily the people of the city of New York will welcome you. I leave it for them, during the opportunities they will have to meet you, to express, in acts as well as words, their appreciation of your course."

Mr. Brownlow replied in a brief speech of thanks. He was much affected by the civilities tendered him—so much in contrast with his usage by his own fellow-citizens and Southern constituents. He said, among other things:

"Though I have fought the best battle I could in defense of our glorious Union, I deserve no credit for doing so. I have done nothing more than my duty. And he who would not sacrifice his property, and even peril his life in defense of the Constitution and laws of this Union, neither deserves to dwell beneath the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner, nor to enjoy the mild rule of the Federal Union, or the proud name of an American citizen. But I must not attempt any thing like a speech. All the circumstances surrounding us require brevity. I, therefore, conclude by congratulating you and our countrymen on the success of our arms, at every point since the opening of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1862, and upon the speedy termination of this wicked war, forced upon the country by Southern demagogues and traitors. Those of you who live to see the Fourth of July will be able to celebrate a return of peace to this distracted country. Less than twelve months ago I heard the officers and active partisans of rebeldom boast in my town in East Tennessee, that they would have Philadelphia, and would drink champagne in Wall street before the frost came! Instead of this

I am happy to have it in my power to say, that they are using as a substitute the water of the frog-ponds of Mississippi and Chickahominy creek, as they retire from Corinth and Yorktown, in search of that last ditch in which they are pledged to die."

He became the guest of the Republican Union, and, under its auspices, received the civilities of the city—which were neither few nor sparingly meted out. But, as we can not longer keep the reader from the main purpose of this book, to give the Parson's version of his own experiences—we refrain from advertng to the many good things said and done in his behalf.

## THE PARSON'S STORY.

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THE New York Academy of Music had been selected as the best place in which the Parson could address a New York audience—accommodating, as it did, more hearers than any other building in the city. There he received and was received by one of the largest crowds ever pressed within the walls of the building. It was literally packed, from parquette to the attic gallery, and by such an audience as any man of the age might have been proud to address. The platform was occupied by many of the leading citizens—including editors, divines, professors, doctors, lawyers, politicians, etc.

### THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

The speaker, after the furore had subsided by which he was greeted, said :

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I take occasion, in advance of any thing and all I may say, to apprise you of what you will all have discovered before I take my seat—that is to say, in my public addresses, no matter what my theme may be, I do not present it to an audience with an eloquence that charms or with that beauty of diction which captivates, fascinates and charms. This, I may be allowed to say, I most sincerely regret, because there is no power on earth—there is no power so great and of such influence upon the human mind as the power and influence of oratory, finished and high-wrought. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears ; Cicero by captivating their affections. The one perished with its author ; the other has continued throughout all time, and, with public

speakers, will continue to the end of time. But there is one thing I am confident of this evening, and that is, I address an appreciative audience—an assemblage who have congregated on this occasion to hear some facts in reference to the great rebellion South—the gigantic conspiracy of the nineteenth century; and I shall therefore look more to what I shall say than to the manner of saying it—more, if you please, to the subject matter of what I shall say than to any studied effort at display, or beauty and force of language.”

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE PARSON'S VOICE.

“I will be allowed by you an additional remark or two personal in their nature to myself. For the last thirty-five years of my somewhat eventful life, I have been accustomed to speak in public upon all the subjects afloat in the land, for I have never been neutral on any subject that ever came up in that time. Independent in all things, and under all circumstances, I have never been entirely neutral, but have always taken a hand in what was afloat. About three years ago my voice entirely failed from a stubborn attack of bronchitis, and for two years of that time I was unable to speak above a whisper. During that period I performed a pilgrimage to New York and had an operation performed upon my throat, and was otherwise treated by an eminent physician of this city, who greatly benefited me, and who, when I parted with him, enjoined it upon me to go home and occasionally exercise my speaking machinery, and if I could do no better, to retire to the grove or village of the town where I live, and to make short speeches, to declaim upon stumps or logs, as the case might be. Instead of doing so, however, in the town in which I live, I frequently addressed a temperance organization in favor of total abstinence; and you all know that is a good cause. At other times, as a regular ordained licensed

Methodist preacher, I tried to tell short sermons to the audience. That is a good cause, you admit. And yet, both together failed to restore my voice—and when I left home for the North, by way of Cincinnati, I had no intention or expectation of making a speech; but as soon as I opened my batteries in Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, against this infinitely infernal rebellion, I found myself able to speak and to be heard half a mile. I attribute the partial restoration of my voice to the goodness, the glory of the Godlike cause in which I profess to be engaged—that of vindicating the Union."

#### THE OUTSPOKEN TRUTH.

"We are, ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of a revolution; and a most fearful one, as you all know, it is. I shall, in the remarks I may make here, advance no sentiment, no idea, I shall employ no language, that I have not advanced and employed time and again at home, away down in Dixie. I should despise myself, and merit the scorn and contempt of every lady and gentleman under the sound of my voice, if I were to come here with one set of principles and opinions for the North, and another set for the South, when I am there. I will utter no denunciation of the wretched, the corrupt and the infamous men who inaugurated this revolution South, here that I would not utter in their hearing on the street where I reside. I therefore say to you, in the outset of the remarks I purpose to make, what I have time and again said through the columns of the most widely-circulated paper they had in the South—a paper, by the way, they suppressed and crushed out on the 25th of October last—the last Union journal that floated over any portion of the Southern Confederacy, and to this good hour the last and the only religious journal in the eleven seceded States. I say then to you, as I have said time and again, that the people of the South, the demagogues and

leaders of the South, are to blame for having brought about this state of things, and not the people of the North. We have intended down South, for thirty years, to break up this Government. It has been our settled purpose and our sole aim down South to destroy the Union and break up the Government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were re-elected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In addition to that, we had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was permitted to serve any but the one term; and, in addition to having elected our men twice to your once, and occupied the chair twice as long as you ever did, we seized upon and appropriated two or three miscreants from the North that we elected to the Presidency, and ploughed with them as our heifers. We asked of you, and obtained at your hands, a Fugitive Slave law. You voted for and helped us to enact and to establish it. We asked of you and obtained the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which never ought to have been repealed. I fought it to the bitter end, and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and I repeat it here again to-night. We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union, that we might have slave territory enough to form some four or five more great States, and you granted it. You have granted us from first to last all we have asked, all we have desired; and hence I repeat, that this thing of secession, this wicked attempt to dissolve the Union, has been brought about without the shadow of a cause. It is the work of the worst men that ever God permitted to live on the face of this earth. It is the work of a set of men down South who, in winding up this revolution, if our administration and Government shall fail to hang them as high as Haman—hang every one of them—we will make an utter failure.”

## CONFIDENCE IN MCCLELLAN AND FREMONT.

"I have confidence myself, and thank God I have always had faith and confidence, in the Government crushing out this rebellion. We have the men at the head of affairs who will do it—and that gallant and glorious man McClellan—a man in whose ability and integrity I have all the time had confidence, and prophesied he would come right side up. My own distracted and oppressed section of the country, East Tennessee, falls now by the new arrangement into the military district of that hero, Fremont. We rejoiced in Tennessee when we heard that we had fallen into his division, and although I have always differed with him in politics, yet, in a word, he is my sort of man. He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn in the attempt. When he gets ready to go down into East Tennessee I hope he will let me know. I want to go with him side by side, on a horse, with epaulettes, a cocked hat and a sword."

## THE PARSON'S POLITICAL COURSE.

"When the rebellion first opened—something like twelve months ago—I saw, as every observing man could see, where we were driving to, and what would be the state of things in a very short time. In the inauguration of the rebellion, I took sides with the Union and with the Stars and Stripes of my country. How could it be otherwise? I had traveled the circuit as a Methodist preacher in the State of South Carolina in 1832, in Pickens and Anderson counties (Anderson county being the same one where John C. Calhoun lived), and I fought with all the ability I possessed, and all the energy I could muster, the heresy of nullification then. I even prepared a pamphlet in South Carolina, of seventy pages, backing up and sustaining Old Hickory, and denouncing the

nullifiers, and they threatened to hang me then. I have been a Union man all my life. I have never been a sectional man. I commenced my political career in Tennessee in the memorable year of 1828, and I was one, thank God, of the corporal's guard who got up the electoral ticket for John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson. You and I and all of us cheer and applaud the mention of the name of Henry Clay. I purpose to move, when this rebellion is over, that we shall hold a National Convention, and I will put in nomination for the Presidency the last suit of clothes that Clay wore before his death."

The Parson here recited the incidents connected with the outbreak of madness in East Tennessee—already quoted [see page 26]. He then proceeded to relate the facts of the uprising of the Union men. He said :

"I know it was from Chattanooga to the Virginia line—a distance of three hundred miles—one Saturday night in November, at eleven o'clock, all the railroad bridges took fire at one time. It was purely accidental. I happened to be out from home at the time. I had really gone out on horseback—as they had suppressed my paper—to collect the fees which the clerks of the different counties were owing me, which they were ready and willing to pay me, knowing that I needed them to live upon ; and as these bridges took fire while I was out of town, they swore that I was the bell-wether and ring-leader of all the devilment that was going on, and hence that I must have had a hand in it."

#### THE CONFEDERATE JAIL.

"They wanted a pretext to seize upon me, and upon the 6th day of December they marched me off to jail—a miserable, uncomfortable, damp and desperate jail—where I found, when I was ushered into it, some one hundred and fifty Union men ,

and, as God is my judge, I say here to-night, there was not in the whole jail a chair, bench, stool or table, or any piece of furniture, except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dippers to drink with. I found some of the first and best men of the whole country there. I knew them all, and they knew me, as I had been among them for thirty years. They rallied round me, some smiling and glad to see me, as I could give them the news that had been kept from them. Others took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, and, with bitter, burning tears running down their cheeks, they said that they never thought that they would come to that at last, looking through the bars of a grate. Speaking first to one and then to another, I bade them be of good cheer and take good courage. Addressing them, I said, 'Is it for stealing you are here? No. Is it for counterfeiting? No. Is it for manslaughter? No. You are here, boys, because you adhere to the flag and the Constitution of our country. I am here with you for no other offense but that; and, as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December as the proudest day of my life. And here I intend to stay until I die of old age or until they hang me. I will never renounce my principles.' "

#### THE PARSON NOT TO BE BOUGHT.

"Before I was confined in the jail, their officers were accustomed to visit the jail every day and offer them liberty, if they would take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and volunteer to go into the service, and they would guarantee them safety and protection. They were accustomed to volunteer a dozen at a time, so great was their horror of imprisonment and the bad treatment they received in that miserable jail. After I got into the jail—and they had me in close confinement for three dreadful winter months

—all this volunteering and taking the oath ceased, and the leaders swore I did it. One of the Brigadiers, who was in command of the military post, paid me a special visit, two of his aids accompanying him. He came in, bowed and scraped, saying: ‘Why, Brownlow, you ought not to be in here.’ ‘But your Generals,’ I replied, ‘have thought otherwise, and they have put me here.’ ‘I have come to inform you that if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, we will guarantee the protection and safety of yourself and family.’ Rising up several feet in my boots at that time, and looking him full in the eye—‘Why,’ said I, ‘I intend to lie here until I rot from disease, or die of old age, before I will take the oath of allegiance to your Government. I deny your right to administer such an oath. I deny that you have any Government other than a Southern mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized power on the face of the earth, and you never will be. I will see the Southern Confederacy, and you and I on the top of it, in the infernal regions before I will do it.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘that’s d——d plain talk.’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘that’s the way to talk in revolutionary times.’

#### “THE HORRORS OF THE PRISON

went on. They tightened up; they grew tighter, and still more tight. Many of our company became sick. We had to lie upon that miserable, cold, naked floor, with not room enough for us all to lie down at the same time—and you may think what it must have been in December and January—spelling each other, one lying down awhile on the floor and then another taking his place so made warm, and that was the way we managed until many became sick unto death. A number of the prisoners died of pneumonia and typhoid fever, and other diseases contracted by exposure there. I shall

never forget, while my head is above ground, the scenes I passed through in that jail. I recollect there were two venerable Baptist clergymen there—Mr. Pope and Mr. Cate. Mr. Cate was very low indeed, prostrated from the fever and unable to eat the miserable food sent there by the corrupt jailer and deputy marshal—a man whom I had denounced in my paper as guilty of forgery time and time again—a suitable representative of the thieves and scoundrels that head this rebellion in the South. The only favor they extended to me was to allow my family to send me three meals a day by my son, who brought the provisions in a basket. I requested my wife to send also enough for the two old clergymen. One of them was put in jail for offering prayers for the President of the United States, and the other was confined for throwing up his hat and cheering the Stars and Stripes as they passed his house, borne by a company of Union volunteers. When the basket of provisions came in in the morning, they examined it at the door, would look between the pie and the bread to see if there was any billet or paper concealed there, communicating treason from any outside Unionist to the old scoundrel they had in jail; and when the basket went out again, the same ceremony was repeated, to discover whether I had slipped any paper in in any way.”

#### THE YOUNG MOTHER AND HER DYING HUSBAND.

“The old man Cate had three sons in jail. One of them, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church, who was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer, lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him, and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over, only from one side to the other. His wife came to visit him, bringing

her youngest child with her, which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for the limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in, and looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face, and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor with the babe in her arms had I not rushed up to her and cried: 'Let me have the babe,' and then she sunk down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. I sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in, and in an insulting and peremptory manner notified her that the interview was to close. I hope I may never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee."

## SATANIC SPIRIT OF SECESSION

"Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassination—it is the spirit of hell. And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers. We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion, nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Such men ought to be ridden out of the North. They should either be for or against the 'mill-dam,' and I would make them show their hands. Why, gentlemen, after the battle of Manassas and Bull Run, the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, or the entire heads of Federal soldiers, some of them with long beards and goatees, by which they

would take them up and say : " See ! here is the head of a soldier captured at Bull Run." That is the spirit of secession at the South. It is the spirit of murder of the vile untutored savage ; it is the spirit of hell, and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed.

#### ANDREW JOHNSON AND THE UNION FEELING.

" If Mr. Lincoln had consulted the Union men of Tennessee as to whom they wanted for Military Governor of the State, to a man they would have responded, Andy Johnson. I have fought that man for twenty-five long and terrible years—I fought him systematically, perseveringly and untiringly ; but it was upon the old issues of Whiggery and Democracy ; and now we will fight *for* one another. We have merged in Tennessee all other parties and predilections in this great question of the Union. We are the Union men of Tennessee, unconditional Union men—and the miserable wretch who will attempt, here or elsewhere, to resurrect old exploded parties and party-issues, and try to make capital out of this war, deserves the gallows, and deserves death. In Andy Johnson's town they had the jail full of prisoners, drove his family out of his house, and his wife being in the last stage of consumption, appropriated his house, carpets and bedding for a hospital, and his wife had to take shelter with one of her daughters in an adjoining county ; and Johnson has in him to-night a devil as big—and there is in the bosom of every Union man in Tennessee—as my hat ; and whenever the Federal army shall find its way there, we will shoot them down like dogs and hang them on every limb. They have had their time of hanging and shooting, and our time comes next ; and I hope to God that it will not be long. I am watching in the papers the movements of the army, and whenever I hear that my country is secure, I intend to return post-haste and point out

the rebels. I have no other ambition on earth but to resurrect the Knoxville *Whig* and get it in full blast, with one hundred thousand subscribers. And then, as the negroes say down South, 'I'll 'spress my 'pinion' of some of them.' "

#### REBEL BARBARITIES.

"In the county of Knox, where I reside, and only seven miles west of Knoxville, they caught up Union men, tied them upon logs, elevated the logs upon blocks six or ten inches from the ground, put the men upon their breasts, tying their hands and feet under the log, stripped their backs entirely bare, and then, with switches, cut their backs literally to pieces, the blood running down at every stroke. They came into court when it was in session, and when the case was stated, the judge replied : 'These are revolutionary times, and there is no remedy for any thing of the kind.' Hence, you see, our remedy is in our own hands ; and, with the help of guns and swords and sabers we intend, God willing, to slay them when we get back there wherever we find them.

"In the jail where I lay they were accustomed to drive up with a horse and cart, with an ugly, rough, flat-topped coffin upon it, surrounded by fifteen to forty men, with bristling bayonets, as a guard to march in through the gate into the jail-yard, with steady, military tread. We trembled in our boots, for they never notified us who was to be hanged, and you may imagine how your humble servant felt ; for, if any man in that jail, under their law, deserved the gallows, I claim to have been the man. I knew it, and they knew it."

#### THE GALLOWES TRAGEDY.

"They came sometimes with two coffins, one on each cart, and they took two men at a time and marched them out. A poor old man of sixty-five and his son of twenty-five were

marched out at one time and hanged on the same gallows. They made that poor old man, who was a Methodist class-leader sit by and see his son hang till he was dead, and then they called him a d—d Lincolnite, Union shrieker, and said, 'Come on, it is your turn next.' He sunk, but they propped him up and led him to the halter, and swung both off on the same gallows. They came, after that, for another man, and took J. C. Haum out of jail—a young man of fine sense, good address, and of excellent character—a tall, spare-made man—leaving a wife at home with four or five helpless children. My wife passed the farm of Haum the other day, when they drove her out of Tennessee and sent her on to New Jersey—I thank them kindly for doing so—and saw the poor widow ploughing, endeavoring to raise corn for her suffering and starving children.

“When they took Haum out and placed him on the scaffold they had a drunken chaplain. They were kind enough to notify him an hour before the hanging that he was to hang. Haum at once made an application for a Methodist preacher, a Union man, to come and pray for him. They denied him the privilege, and said that God didn't hear any prayers in behalf of any d—d Union shrieker, and he had literally to do without the benefit of clergy. But, they had near the gallows an unprincipled, drunken chaplain of their own army, who got up and undertook to apologize for Haum. He said: 'This poor, unfortunate man, who is about to pay the debt of nature regrets the course he took. He said he was misled by the Union paper.' Haum rose up, and with a clear, stentorian voice, said: 'Fellow-citizens: There is not a word of truth in that statement. I have authorized nobody to make such a statement. What I have said and done, I have done and said with my eyes open, and, if it were to be done over, I would do it again. I am ready to hang, and you can execute your

purposes.' He died like a man ; he died like a Union man, like an East Tennessean ought to die ! As God is my judge, I would sooner be Haum in the grave to-day, than any one of the scoundrels concerned in his murder."

#### A WOMAN'S INTERCESSION.

"Time rolled on. One event after another occurred, and finally a man of excellent character, one of Andy Johnson's constituents from Greene county, by the name of Hessing Self, was condemned to be hung by this drumhead court-martial, and they were kind enough to let him know that he was to hang a few hours before the hour appointed. His daughter, who had come down to administer to his comfort and consolation—a most estimable girl, about twenty-one years of age—Elizabeth Self, a tall, spare-made girl, modest, handsomely attired, begged leave to enter the jail to see her father. They permitted her, contrary to their usual custom and their savage barbarity, to go in. They had him in a small iron cage, a terrible affair ; they opened a little door and the jailer admitted her. A parcel of us went to witness the scene. As she entered the cage where her father was, she clasped him around the neck, and he embraced her also, throwing his arms across her shoulders. They sobbed and cried ; shed their tears and made their moans. I stood by, and I never beheld such a sight, and I hope I may never see the like again. When they had parted, wringing each other by the hand, as she came out of the cage, stammering and trying to utter something intelligible, she lisped my name. She knew my face, and I could understand as much as that she desired me to write a dispatch to Jeff. Davis and sign her name, begging him to pardon her father. I worded it about thus :

"HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS—My father, Hessing Self, is sentenced to be hanged at four o'clock to-day. I am living at

home, and my mother is dead. My father is my earthly all ; upon him my hopes are centered ; and, friend, I pray you to pardon him. Respectfully, ELIZABETH SELF."

"Jeff. Davis, who had a better heart, than the rest of them immediately responded by commuting his sentence to imprisonment."

#### A REVOLTING ATROCITY.

"In the town of Greenville, where Andrew Johnson resides, they took out of the jail, at one time, two innocent Union men, who had committed no offence on the surface of the earth, but that of being Union men—Nashy and Fry. Fry was a shoemaker, with a wife and half a dozen children. A fellow from Maine, by the name of Daniel Leadbeater, the bloodiest and the most ultra man, the vilest wretch, the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever made a track in East Tennessee—Colonel Daniel Leadbeater, late of the United States Army, but now an officer in the secession army—took these two men, tied them with his own hands upon one limb, immediately over the railroad track in the town of Greenville, and ordered them to hang four days and nights, and ordered all the engineers and conductors to go by that hanging concern slow, to give the passengers an opportunity to kick the rigid bodies and strike them with a switch. And they did it ! I pledge you my honor that on the front platform they made a business of kicking the dead bodies as they passed by ; and the women (I will not say the ladies, for down South we make a distinction between ladies and women)—the women, the wives and daughters of men in high position, waved their white handkerchiefs in triumph through the windows of the car at the sight of the two dead bodies hanging there !"

#### THE CRY FOR HELP !

"This is the spirit of secession all over the South ; it is the

spirit that actuates them everywhere ; it is the spirit of murder, it is the spirit of the infernal regions. Can you any longer excuse or apologize for such murderous and blood-thirsty demons? Hanging is going on all over East Tennessee. They shoot them down in the fields, in the streets, arresting hundreds, and shooting fifty or sixty in one instance, after they had surrendered and were under arrest. They marched between three and four hundred through the streets, some of them barefooted, and their feet bleeding, taking them to the dépôt and shipping them to Atlanta, Ga., to work upon their fortifications. These men, denied water, would lift out of the mud-puddles in the street with their hands, after a rain, what they could to quench their thirst. They whip them, and, as strange as it may seem to you, in the counties of Campbell and Anderson they actually lacerate with switches the bodies of females, wives and daughters of Union men—clever, respectable women.. They show no quarter to male or female ; they rob their houses, and they throw them into prison. Our jails are full, and we have complained and thought hard that our Government has not come to our relief, for a more loyal, a more devoted people to the Stars and Stripes never lived than the Union people of Tennessee. With tears in their eyes they begged me, upon leaving East Tennessee, to see the President, to see the army officers, so as to have relief sent immediately to them, and bring them out of jail. I hope, gentlemen, you will use your influence with the army and navy, and all concerned, to relieve these people without delay. They are the most abused, down-trodden, persecuted and proscribed people that ever lived on the face of the earth.

“ In God’s name I call upon President Lincoln, and upon his Cabinet and Army officers, to say how long they will suffer a loyal people, true to the Union and to the Government

of their fathers, to suffer in this way! The Union men of East Tennessee are largely in the majority—say three to one—but they have no arms; they are in the jails of the country; they are working on rebel fortifications like slaves under the lash, and no Federal force has ever yet been marched into that oppressed and down-trodden country. Let the Government, if it has any regard for obligations, redeem that country at once, and liberate these people, no matter at what cost of blood and treasure.”

It is not to be wondered at that men and women doubt the truth of some of these statements. They seem incredible. It is with difficulty we can realize that, in a Christian land, men can be found so transformed into fiends. Savages could not be more relentless, nor more unfeeling. History will never fail to point to the reign of terror in Tennessee as a lasting witness against the spirit which conceived, and the hands which fought for, the “independence” of the Slave Confederacy. If Parson Brownlow’s word required any indorsement (which it does not, for he is the very impersonation of the incorruptible man of integrity), we have it in various sources. From the Nashville (Tenn.) *Union*, of May 1st, we have this :

#### APPEAL FOR TENNESSEE.

“If there can be found on earth a people more deserving the heartfelt sympathies of every true patriot than East Tennesseans, we do not know it. Their patience, their fortitude, their deep devotion to the Union, attachment to the people, Constitution, and laws, under the most trying difficulties and severe persecution, rival the Waldenses or the martyrs of early Christianity. The picture of the sufferings and afflictions of St. Paul, inflicted for opinion’s sake, as drawn by himself, form an almost exact portraiture of the condition of this unfortunate people. They are torn from their families

and forced into a military service against their friends and countrymen which in their souls they abhor, and from which they shrink with instinctive horror. Nor in this resistless compulsion are heeded the cries of unprotected infancy, the lamentations of tender wives, nor the pressing necessities of poverty. Their groans are answered with scorn, and their sorrows treated with contempt. Their complaints are passports to imprisonment, and their resistance a pathway to the gallows. Humility and obscurity, equally with honor and distinction, are made the fatal marks of a Southern despotism. Their corn-cribs and smoke-houses are made tributary to the commissary of the army whose sworn duty is their subjugation. Their fields are desolated, their fences made fuel for camp-fires, and their houses razed to the ground.

“If they seek personal safety, not by resistance but by flight, they are hunted down by cavalry, caught and carried through towns and villages, like prisoners at the chariot of some Roman conqueror, and made a spectacle and a show, for the double purpose of wounding and humiliating their friends and gratifying the insatiate vengeance and savage cruelty of their enemies. You naturally pause to inquire of what heinous offense they have been guilty? The answer is easy. The lips are scarcely parted with the utterance of the interrogatory before the response is heard: They loved the country in which they were born; they embraced the Constitution which their fathers taught them to revere, and they obeyed the laws which so long had given them protection; they were unwilling to follow after strange gods; but the teachings of their early infancy became the precious lessons of their ripened manhood. This is the ‘head and front of their offending,’ nothing more.

“For this picture we have not drawn upon the imagination; it is not dyed in the hues of fancy; but the frame-work

and finishing touches of confessed facts, vauntingly promulgated in the *Knoxville Register*, the organ of the secession party of East Tennessee. If any one doubts, let him read. If there is so much upon the stage, what must be behind the scenes? If the *Knoxville Register* unblushingly publishes these facts to the world, what sad tales of woe, wretchedness and misery would the experience of the victims tell!

"But, thank God, the day of their deliverance is at hand. The thunder of the artillery of the Union is heard approaching, and already its echoes and reverberations resound through their mountain fastnesses, informing them that succor is at hand. And ere long that old familiar flag, from which they have been too long separated, will rise like a rainbow of hope over the highest tops of their romantic mountains."

#### THE PARSON AND YANCEY.

The story of Brownlow's interview with Yancey is highly illustrative of the Parson's readiness for all emergencies, and gives, also, no small light upon the character of the men who "precipitated" States from the Union because of the election of a Northern man. It has often been told but not always correctly. The Parson repeated it on the evening of his address in New York. We give his words:

"But a few weeks prior to the last Presidential election, they announced in their papers that the great bull of the whole disunion flock was to speak in Knoxville—a man, the two first letters of his name are W. L. Yancey—a fellow that the Governor of South Carolina pardoned out of the State prison for murdering his uncle, Dr. Earl. He was announced to speak, and the crowd was two to one Union men. I had never spoken to him in all my life. He called out in an insolent manner, 'Is Parson Brownlow in this crowd?' The disunionists hallooed out, 'Yes, he is here.' 'I hope,' said he,

‘the Parson will have the nerve to come upon the stand and have me catechize him.’ ‘No,’ said the Breckenridge secessionists, ‘Brownlow is here, but he has not nerve enough to meet you.’

“I rose and marched up the steps, and said: ‘I will show you whether I have the nerve or not.’ ‘Sir,’ said he—and he is a beautiful speaker, and personally a very fine-looking man—‘are you the celebrated Parson Brownlow?’ ‘I am the only man on earth,’ I replied, ‘that fills his bin.’ ‘Don’t you think,’ said Yancey, ‘you are badly employed as a preacher, a man of your cloth, to be dabbling in politics and meddling with State affairs.’ ‘No, sir!’ said I. ‘A distinguished member of the party *you* are acting with once took Jesus Christ up upon a mount, and said to the Saviour: “Look at the kingdoms of the world. All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” Now, sir, his reply to the devil is my reply to you, “Get thee behind me, Satan.”’ I rather expected to be knocked down by him, but I stood with my right side to him, and a cocked Derringer in my breeches pocket. I intended if I went off the scaffold that he should go the other way. ‘Now, sir,’ I said, ‘if you are through, I would like to make a few remarks.’ ‘Certainly, proceed,’ said Yancey. ‘Well, sir, you should tread lightly upon the toes of preachers, and you should get these disunionists to post you up before you launch out in this way against preachers. Are you aware, sir, that this old gray-headed man sitting here, Isaac Lewis, the president of the meeting who has welcomed you, is an old disunion Methodist preacher, and Buchanan’s pension agent in this town, who has been meddling in politics all his lifetime? Sir,’ said I, ‘are you aware that this man, James D. Thomas, on my left, is a Breckenridge elector for this Congressional district? He was turned out of the Methodist ministry for whipping his

wife and slandering his neighbors. Sir,' said I, 'are you aware that this young man sitting in front of us, Colonel Loudon C. Haynes, the elector of the Breckenridge ticket for the State of Tennessee at large, was expelled from the Methodist ministry for lying, and cheating his neighbor in a measure of corn? Now,' said I, 'for God's sake say nothing more about preachers until you know what sort of preachers are in your own ranks.' And thus ended the colloquy between me and Yancey. I have never seen him since."

#### THE PARSON'S JOURNEY TO NASHVILLE.

Brownlow, even in prison, was feared by the Confederate magnates. He was more than a caged lion—he was a martyr in a just cause, and, as such, excited intense sympathy even in some Southern breasts. At any moment that sympathy might break forth, and, with his name and his wrongs for a rallying cry, the conspirators might find a Nemesis at their doors, ready and eager to mete out the vengeance of atrociously persecuted men. It was, therefore, good policy to get rid of the relentless man, whom suffering only strengthened. The Parson, in his address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, wondered why he had not been hung, since he so well deserved it! If he could know that his murder would have been worse for the Confederate cause in Tennessee than the loss of a great battle at Corinth, he could scarcely wonder that he was not made to grace a gibbet. To send Brownlow to the scaffold was to court the undying hatred of the entire nation still loyal to the Government.

In February, Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War, corresponded with Brownlow, offering him liberty if he would "leave the country"—which implied the Confederacy. Brownlow says the burden of the complaint was: "You are a very bad man, Mr. Brownlow, a *dangerous* man, and we propose

to give you a passport and a military escort to take you away." The reply was highly characteristic, and must have sat on the Secretary's stomach like an over-dose of Cayenne pepper—have brought tears to his eyes. It was:

"GOOD JUDAS! We will strike a bargain. Give me your passport and a military escort, and I promise I will do for your Confederacy what the devil never has done—leave it."

The passport came quickly. If the Parson only would leave he was at liberty to pass the lines. He was very feeble from imprisonment and suffering. Upon entering the prison he weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He left it weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His journey was to lead to Nashville, where Buell's forces were then quartered. The Parson thus narrated the incidents of that coming out of Egypt:

"I had as an escort twelve men, armed, and their arms loaded with buckshot. They were selected from a rebel company, but they were Union men; they would have fought for me, and I knew it, and both of the officers were Union men at heart, too. With this escort, I started. We were interrupted by the rebel troops and by the rabble, who urged them to bring Brownlow out and hang him. At Athens, sixty-five miles from Nashville, they made a rush for the cars, but, planting six men at each end, with the officers by me, they declared they would all shoot as long as they had loads in their muskets, and then they would use their bayonets. One of the Confederate officers said he must see the 'd——d old traitor, anyhow, before he got across Mason and Dixon's line.' They told him that he could come and look if the sight would be of any service to him. They brought him in. He inspected me particularly; looked me in the eye, and I looked at him; I looked daggers at him; I had as much fire in my face as he had brass. 'Well,' says he, 'I am satisfied; I now believe

all I have ever heard about him. I believe that he is just as dangerous as he was said to be; but to be gallanted to Nashville in that way! why, I should like to take the trip there myself, in this way.' 'Well,' says I, 'if you will stay a *little while*, there is a penitentiary at Nashville, and the sheriff will take you there at the expense of the county.' Then he wanted to take me out, but the officers restrained him, and told me I had better not say any thing more.

"At some other places they held out ropes, and although I am not very good at interpreting hieroglyphics, I understood what they meant. At another dépôt, forty-five miles from Nashville, they tried it again and failed. At Shelbyville, General Hardee arrested me, and confined me for ten days, and was about to send me to Montgomery, but my officers insisted on Mr. Benjamin's passport indorsed by Jeff. Davis, and the flag of truce granted by Major-General George B. Crittenden, addressed to General Buell. So the railroad being taken up, we hired carriages and buggies and omnibuses, and set out on a beautiful turnpike. We were interrupted by this fellow Morgan, who had a serious notion of hanging whether or no, but they permitted me to pass until we got within five miles of Nashville. It was a cold day, early in March. We saw soldiers first in a log hut, and then any number of tents, and I beheld in the distance the Stars and Stripes in the breeze fluttering in the wind. The first and the only time, from the time I left home until that time, that I was induced to shed a tear, was on that occasion. The soldiers advanced as we drew up. I was in an open carriage. 'Halt,' said they; 'upon what authority are you coming in here with a flag of truce? Says I, 'Gentlemen, are you the Union pickets?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I am Parson Brownlow.' Some of them dropped their guns; others clapped their hands. They all rushed to the carriage, and would not

permit me to get out, but lifted me out. 'We know you are cold,' said they, 'come up to our fire and warm.' They dispatched one of their Sergeants to Brigadier-General Wood, and he came riding in with his staff, and he was so excited as to forget his dignity by taking his hat off, and calling for many cheers for Parson Brownlow. He made a glorious speech to the boys. Says he, 'I will send you in a carriage to General Buell.' Gentlemen, I had not been accustomed to such treatment as that. [The Parson was affected to tears at the recital.] At Nashville, I met as many as ninety-five regiments, and had the pleasure to see every division march out under Mitchell and Thomas and Crittenden, and one and another, until they all marched toward Pittsburg Landing. I left on a steamer, by way of Fort Donelson and up the Ohio, for Cincinnati. There I commenced speaking, and, while I am not vain, it is peculiarly gratifying to me to have been received in such a way, especially as the Southern papers are publishing that you hate a traitor in the North, and are hissing me down wherever I go."

## THE TWO PRIESTS.

Brownlow, in his discourse on the irreligion of the Southern ministry, made some statements as startling as they were indubitable evidence of the demoralizing tendency of the rebellion. Two cases of ministers in Knoxville, whom he knew, were mentioned. One, the Rev. Dr. Martin, who was graduated at the Union Theological Seminary of New York, was thus noticed:

"You didn't fully graduate him at your college; he is now taking lessons under the devil to my personal knowledge. He is a New-School Presbyterian, a resident of Knoxville. Until he became a Secessionist, he was a gentleman, and I regarded him as a Christian minister, and have so spoken of him,

“Mr. Maynard, our representative in Congress, is an elder in the New-School Presbyterian church, a scholar, and a gentleman. He had no sooner left in disguise to make his way through to take his seat in Congress, than the Rev. Joseph F. Martin made a set speech, going through the formalities of taking a text—preached an outrageous sermon, and prayed an outrageous prayer, ‘that his wicked and unhallowed tracks might never again be seen or known in Knoxville.’ The mortified wife of Mr. Maynard, (who is from the neighborhood of New York city,) who is a lady, and so regarded, in every sense of the word, an intelligent, charitable, Christian lady, shedding tears on that occasion, rose up, and left the house and journeyed home, and although she was driven out but a few weeks ago, with my wife and children, she had, to her honor and credit, never disgraced her name by visiting his vile sanctuary any more. Feeling that he had behaved in a mean, sneaking, contemptible manner, he made her a visit and apologized, saying, ‘I didn’t want to do it, but my elders made me do it, and I had to do it, or lose my salary and my place.’ What do you think of a devil like that?”

To another “fellow-laborer,” the Parson thus adverted :

“The pastor of the Old-School church, in Knoxville, a man of education and fair talent, and until secession broke out, I thought him a gentleman and a Christian. A short time before I left, he had a special occasion to preach upon the subject of secession, and attracted a large crowd. He made the bold and open declaration that Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born on Southern soil. He did it in good faith; he did it in sincerity, however, not in truth. He said, ‘Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born on Southern soil, and so were his disciples and apostles, all except Judas, and he was a Northern man.’ Holding up a Bible, he said—I presume he was sober, but I would not guarantee it—I would sooner

my brethren, announce to you a text for discussion from the pulpit out of a Bible or a Testament that I knew had been printed in hell, than out of a Bible or a Testament that was printed North of Mason and Dixon's line.' That was a part of *his* Gospel sermon on the Lord's day."

#### A "HARD CASE."

The Parson's personal reminiscences are not calculated to inspire much respect for "the cloth," down South. He thus refers to the case of a fellow Methodist:

"Fountain E. Fitch, an old presiding elder of the Conference, a man who had been in every General Conference for thirty years, who went to Europe with Bishop Soule, who had one or two sons in the rebel army, was a chaplain of a Nashville regiment. He made it a practice to get drunk, carrying a bottle with him; he drank to excess and swore profanely, but preached every Sunday faithfully to the soldiers, and in his discourses told them actually that the cause in which they were engaged—and I only give him as a specimen of all denominations—fighting for the independence of the South, fighting to keep back the abolition hordes of the North, and to repulse the hordes of Lincoln, was so good and so holy a cause, that if they died in this cause they would be saved in heaven, even without grace."

Brownlow further adds, of the special credit due the Methodists of the South:

"The Methodist preachers in the South were entitled to more consideration, for there was more unanimity among them. They were nearly all, without any exception, rascals."

#### ONE LOYAL CLERGYMAN.

Brownlow thus referred—as a happy contrast to the picture drawn of the irreligion of the South, and the almost general

baseness of ministers of the Gospel there—to the case of a loyal clergyman of the Episcopal church :

“ We have a noble exception in the town in which I live, Thomas W. Hugh, a slaveholder, and a man of property. His Bishop some months ago furnished him with a new prayer, which did not require him to pray for the President of the United States—which means Old Abe Lincoln, that they thought was worse than the devil—but it substituted Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Government. Mr. Hugh, promptly but frankly, and like a man, said: ‘ I cannot abandon my Prayer-Book and regular form. I do not believe in the Confederacy ; I do not believe in Jeff. Davis.’ They turned him out and procured another pliant tool and cat’s-paw, who was willing to pray for anybody for his victuals, his wine, and his liquor.”

#### THE “ FLOWER OF THE SOUTHERN YOUTH.”

In his Cincinnati speech, (April 4th,) the Parson thus referred to the Southern troops, *en route*, through Knoxville, for Virginia, in June, 1861 :

“ About twelve months since, a stream of whisky-drinking, secession fire, hot as hell, commenced to pour through Knoxville, in the direction of Manassas. These mean scoundrels visited the houses of Union men, shouted at them, groaned and hissed. My humble dwelling had the honor to be thus greeted oftener than any other five houses in Knoxville. The Southern papers said they were the flower of their youth. I said to my-wife, if this is the flower, God save us from the rabble.”

#### THE FIRST MARTYR.

“ In May,” says the Parson, “ they began to shoot down Union men. The first man they killed was Charles S. Douglas, who had charge of the flag that we hoisted in the morning and took down at night. They shot him through a window. I

was on the street at the time, but we quietly slipped into our houses. Many of us had to flee to the mountains. I can not boast of my personal courage, for I never had any more than a man of my size and make ought to have."

## ZOLLIFFER.

The Parson thus referred to General Zollicoffer, afterward killed by Colonel Fry, at the battle of Wild Cat, in Kentucky :

"After my types and printing-press had been destroyed, and my office turned into a blacksmith-shop, to repair and put percussion locks on the old muskets Floyd stole, word was given to General Zollicoffer that a regiment of Texans, who were encamped a few miles out of town, had fixed up their plans to pull Brownlow's house down that night. Zollicoffer immediately gave an order that no soldier should leave camp that night, and sent a company of soldiers to guard my house, giving the ladies information of his intention. This was heralded all through the Southern Confederacy as a piece of unheard-of clemency. But I think he did nothing more than his duty. And now that Zollicoffer is dead, I must do him the credit to say that I knew him for more than twenty-five years; that I have battled with him; that he was an honest man, who never wronged another out of a cent; that he never told a lie; that he was in all respects an honorable man, and as brave a soldier as ever died in battle, and that the only mean thing he ever did, was fighting for the Southern Confederacy."

## THE FUGITIVES.

Of the Parson's "masterly retreat" to the Smoky Mountains, and his subsequent experiences, he says :

"Johnson and Maynard having left, and Nelson being captured, I was left behind as a sort of third or fourth-rate leader, to bear the brunt. My wife and family urged me to leave, so

I mounted an iron-gray, and did as the Secessionists do when they get whipped, and run as if the devil was after them—I retired. Some ten or twelve of us retired to the Smoky Mountains.

“Here we struck our tents and lived some two weeks. After our provisions gave out we shot a fat bear, some turkeys, a deer, and other game. Rumors brought me word that Wood, who commanded at Knoxville, had sent four companies of cavalry to scour the woods for me. This same William B. Wood, an unprincipled, wicked, devilish, whisky-drinking Methodist preacher of the Methodist Church South, and the Colonel of a regiment, had given orders in a public speech never to bring Brownlow back, but to shoot him to pieces. About this time, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, five railroad bridges took fire and were burnt, at eleven o’clock, on the same Saturday night.

“This, of course, put the devil into the Secessionists’ heads, and he had been in their neighborhood before. They then began to shoot down Union men. They shot down good men while in the fields pulling corn, for no other offense in God’s world save being Union men. It was about this time that they commenced hanging operations. On the 6th of November, I told my companions that I did not like camping out; it was not in keeping with my previous life, and that I would take the chances of being shot or hung. On my way home, I was met by a letter from Major-General Crittenden, saying that he had orders from Judah Peter Benjamin, Secretary of War, to furnish me a passport to Kentucky, and that if I would present myself at his head-quarters within twenty-four hours, he would furnish me a guard to see me there. I was at his head-quarters in twenty-four hours, when a miserable, dirty, contemptible, third-rate County Court lawyer took me out of his hands on a warrant for treason and threw me into jail.”

After this followed the Parson's experiences in jail, which already have been given.

#### HISTORY OF THE BRIDGE-BURNING.

The secret of the sudden burning of bridges in East Tennessee—so astonishing to the Unionists, and so astounding to the rebels—was first divulged by the Parson on his appearance in Nashville. The substance of his statements regarding the affair was thus given by a correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*:

“It appears that Chaplain Carter and Captain Fry, of one of the Tennessee regiments, in the latter part of October, made their way in disguise and over hidden paths to the house of a prominent loyalist within eight miles of Knoxville. Here they convened about one hundred trustworthy and devoted men, to whom they represented that a Federal division was about forcing its way into the Eastern District, and that, in order to insure the success of the contemplated expedition, and prevent the reinforcement of the Confederate forces then guarding the Gap from either the West or East, they were authorized by the Federal military authorities to prepare and execute a plan for the destruction of the principal bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad.

“Most of those present at once signified their willingness to coöperate with them, and it was accordingly arranged that parties of fifteen to twenty-five, armed and provided with the necessary combustibles, should proceed as secretly as possible to the vicinity of the bridges selected for destruction. Captain Fry assuming the character of a Confederate contractor, professedly engaged in the purchase of hogs, under the name of Colonel Walker, traveled from point to point, personally superintending the preparations.

“So well were the plans laid, and so successfully carried

out, that, although the most westerly of the doomed bridges was no less than *one hundred and seventy-five miles* from the most easterly, the guards at all of them were overpowered, and the structures fired within the same hour of the same night, that is, between the hours of eleven and twelve of the night of the 10th of November. The bridges were readily set in flames by means of ropes dipped in turpentine and stretched from end to end. Captain Fry was himself present at the burning of the Lick Creek bridge.

"The guards at that point were not only overcome, disarmed and tied, but also made to swear allegiance to the United States, upon a Bible brought along for the purpose. Captain Fry started for Southern Kentucky immediately after the burning, to return, as the conspirators all believed, in a few days with a Federal army. His brother was afterward arrested and hung by the rebels."

#### THE PARSON'S WELCOME IN CINCINNATI.

After the address delivered in Cincinnati (April 4th), the Parson was honored with great demonstrations of approval. Judge Woodruff presented resolutions as prepared by the people present. Among them were the following:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize in the Rev. W. G. Brownlow the true patriot, the intrepid and unflinching defender of the Federal Constitution, and the representative of that band of true men in the South, who, in the midst of an atrocious rebellion, still assert their ancient loyalty and devotion to the Union.

"*Resolved*, That he has fixed the true standard of patriotism for all in the present crisis, namely, an unhesitating sacrifice of private interest in the hope of an early peace, and, if necessary, of local institutions, to the maintenance of the Constitution without further compromise, and the vigorous prosecution of the war until the authority of the Federal Government

shall be fully established in every insurgent State, every armed rebel disarmed and every leader punished.

*“Resolved,* That our warmest sympathies are with our distinguished guest; and we reach across the border our hands to our loyal brethren of the South, especially to those of East Tennessee, greeting them as friends engaged in the same holy cause, and we call upon the Federal Government to afford them speedy relief, so as not only to exhibit the high appreciation of their constancy and patriotism in the midst of unparallel privation, suffering and persecution which is entertained by the whole people of the loyal States, but also as a sacred duty due under the Constitution to all loyal men of the South.”

About sixty German lads, the sons of volunteers in Colonel McCook's regiment, sung one of their fathers' camp-songs. The whole “welcome” was an ovation, honorable to the distinguished gentleman and to the Committee who managed the arrangements.

#### THE COLUMBUS WELCOME.

The public reception tendered the Unionist by the Legislature of Ohio, was foreshadowed by the resolutions adopted in the Senate unanimously, and in the House by only two dissenting (Democratic) votes. The resolutions were :

*“Whereas,* The heroic and patriotic Rev. Wm. G. Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tenn., is about to visit Cincinnati; and

*“Whereas,* The members of this General Assembly, feeling anxious to extend to the said Rev. Wm. G. Brownlow their personal congratulations on his deliverance from the cruelty and oppression to which he has been subjected at the hands of the rebels; and

*“Whereas,* Having the highest admiration for that unflinching fidelity, which, under such trying circumstances, he has maintained for the Constitution and the Union; therefore,

*“Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That Rev. William G. Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tenn., be invited and earnestly requested to visit the Capital of Ohio, as

the guest of the General Assembly, and that a committee of five, two of the Senate and three of the House, be appointed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, whose duty it shall be to communicate this invitation to the said Rev. William G. Brownlow, in such manner as they shall deem appropriate and proper."

#### THE BOSTON WELCOME.

At Boston the Parson's welcome was very enthusiastic. Music Hall was densely crowded by the *élite* of the city. Governor Andrew presided. In introducing the Parson, he said "that never, since the beginning of the present struggles for national existence and the promotion of Democratic constitutional liberty, had the people of this State been left without the cares and sacrifices of war; but it had been left for the Union men and women of the South to bear in their persons and property the oppression and sufferings of the present war. The meeting was an earnest expression of sympathy on the part of the people of Boston, to a Union-loving man—an apostle and prophet of the Union, rescued by the providence of God out of the very den of lions."

## BROWNLOW ON CONFISCATION AND EMANCIPATION.

THE Parson is, as is well known, a strong *pro-slavery* man, and always has advocated the divine and legal right of property in slaves. His views, therefore, on confiscation and emancipation were anticipated with some considerable interest, particularly by those who opposed the acts of confiscation and emancipation. In his address before the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association, (May 17th,) he thus referred to the subject :

“He was a Southern man, and had been an advocate of the peculiar institution, and he intended to fight the Secessionists where they say, in the last ditch, which he hoped would be near the Gulf of Mexico. The South seemed to be crazy upon the subject of slavery and holding slaves in the Territories ; but so far as he was concerned, (and he would utter the same opinion everywhere,) he held that the Government ought to protect loyal men, North and South, in the enjoyment of their property of every description, even including negroes ; and he hoped that the Government would confiscate everything belonging to rebels, including negroes ; and if the South, in her madness and folly—if they will pursue their phantom and force upon the Union slavery or no Union, he was for the Union and no slavery ! He was an unconditional Union man, and though it cost millions of dollars and oceans of blood, he was for subjugation and extermination, if the Union cannot be preserved in any other way, and for having the South peopled with another race of men.”

The Parson set at rest the question as to the rebels employing negroes as soldiers. He had seen them with his own eyes, and he had been guarded by them when in jail in Knoxville. Every day the prisoners were sent with a cask for

water to the river. He had gone to the river for water under a guard of negro soldiers. One big black fellow, one day, punched him in the side and said, "Step along double-quick, you d——d Lincolnite!"

In his Cooper Institute address, (May 19th,) he said of the part slavery has played in the rebellion:

"They had made in the South this institution of slavery the occasion of bringing about all this fuss, and all this deviltry. They had done so at the South. He said, 'we of the South;' he was prepared to say that they were to blame for the revolution. A fuss they wanted and a fuss they would have, and he hoped in God's name they would have a fuss to their heart's content before they got through. While they were all anxiously watching at the sitting and the failure of the Peace Congress at Washington, did they not remember a dispatch of Pryor, saying, 'We can get the Crittenden Compromise, but we don't mean to take any compromise.' Judge Douglas overheard Mason say the same thing. Therefore he now said, 'no compromise with traitors and slave propagandists;' 'down with them, even if their beloved institution, too, should go under.'"

In his Cincinnati Opera House speech, he said:

"In regard to slavery, I have but one word to say—and I shall say here just what I say at home, for I have no sentiments in the North other than those that I have in the South—and that is, that, in regard to slavery, the South is more to blame than the North; and I have told them so on the stump in my own town in Knoxville. For this they called me an abolitionist; but I am a pro-slavery man; and if ever the South makes the issue between slavery and the Union, I am for the Union; I will always be for the Union until it comes to a question between Union and the Christian religion, and then I shall slide out. Still, with all this, if, *two years ago*, I

had had the authority, backed by the military power of the country, I would have hunted out two or three hundred of the rabid, traitorous, fanatical abolitionists of the North, and an equal number of hell-deserving and hell-bound Secessionists, drove the whole army of them into the District of Columbia, and hung them upon a common gallows, and have buried them in a common ditch, after embalming their bodies with Jamestown weeds and dog-fennel."

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### THE PARSON'S EDITORIALS.

WE already have had occasion to quote from the columns of the *Knoxville Whig*, [see page 20,] but the reader will find so much to enjoy in the Parson's editorials, that we here append such as are at hand.

The Parson's opinion of the Southern Confederacy was expressed in these terms, at the date of its first formation :

"We frequently receive as many as a half-dozen letters in a day from the different Principalities in the Southern Confederacy, threatening us with death in its most horrible forms. These revolting States are swarming with desperadoes and assassins, who would be altogether happy in bathing their hands in the blood of Union men. A more ferocious and malevolent barbarism can not be found on God's green earth than that now dominant in this 'Southern Confederacy.' Private worth, public virtue, age, and experience—none of these can soften or restrain the multiplying and relentless brutality which is engendered by the mob spirit of this 'new form of civilization.' Talk about riding a Union editor upon a rail ! Why, the Prince of Peace, if he were on earth again, could not traverse the dominions of these Yanceys, Rhett, Davises, Slidells, and Wigfalls, and live, without repudiating his Sermon on the Mount, and proclaiming this Southern Confederacy to be God-ordained, Christ-begotten, and Heaven-approved."

An Arkansas correspondent of the *Whig* wrote to Brownlow, stating that he had learned with pleasure, upon what "he considered reliable authority," that Mr. Brownlow was about to join the Democrats, and asked for the probable date of that interesting occurrence. Mr. Brownlow gave the date, or, at least, data for the date, as follows

"KNOXVILLE, August 6, 1860.

"MR. JORDAN CLARK—I have your letter of the 30th ult., and hasten to let you know the *precise time* when I expect to come out and formally announce that I have joined the Democratic party. When the sun shines at midnight, and the moon at midday—when man forgets to be selfish, or Democrats lose their inclinations to steal—when nature stops her onward march to rest, or all the water-courses in America flow up-stream—when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves—when birds talk, and beasts of burden laugh—when damned spirits swap hell for heaven, with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whisky—when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed, you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats!

"*I join the Democrats?* Never, so long as there are sects in churches—weeds in gardens—fleas in hog-pens—dirt in victuals—disputes in families—wars with nations—water in the ocean—bad men in America, or base women in France! No, Jordan Clark, you may hope—you may congratulate—you may reason—you may sneer—but that can not be. The thrones of the Old World—the courts of the universe—the Governments of the world may all fall and crumble into ruin—the New World may commit the national suicide of dissolving the Union, but all this must occur before I join the Democracy.

"*I join the Democracy?* Jordan Clark, you know not what you say. When I join the Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist church—when Jordan Clark of Arkansas is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by universal suffrage of a contented people—when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert, by a county court in

Kansas—when Congress obliges by law James Buchanan to marry a European Princess—when the Pope leases the Capitol at Washington for his city residence—when Alexander of Russia, and Napoleon of France, are elected Senators of Congress from New Mexico—when good men cease to go to heaven or bad men to hell—when this world is turned upside down—when proof is afforded, both clear and unquestionable, that there is no God—when men turn to ants, and ants to elephants, I will change my political faith and come out on the side of Democracy!

“Supposing that this full and frank letter will enable you to fix upon *the period* when I will come out a full-grown Democrat, and to communicate the same to all whom it may concern in Arkansas.”

The attempt to drag down the Stars and Stripes from his dwelling called forth this truly noble and fearless utterance against the conspiracy and its abettors:

“This flag is private property, upon a private dwelling, in a State that has *never voted herself out of the Union*, or into the Southern Confederacy, and is, therefore, lawfully and constitutionally under these same Stars and Stripes I have floated over my house. \* \* \* Those who are in rebellion against the Government represented by the Stars and Stripes, have put up the rebel flag, and it is a high piece of work to deny loyal citizens of the Union the privilege of displaying their colors.

“But there is one other feature of this tyranny and of these mobocratic assaults I wish to lay before the people, irrespective of parties. There are but few of the leaders of the secession movement in Knoxville, less than half a dozen, for whom I entertain any sort of respect, or whose good opinion I esteem. With one of these I had a free and full conversation, more than two weeks ago, in regard to this whole question. I told him that we Union men would make the best fight we could at the ballot-box, on the 8th of June, to keep the State in the Union; but if we were overpowered, and a majority of the people of the State should say, in this constitutional way, that she must secede, we should have to come down, and bring our flag with us, bowing to the will of the

majority with the best grace we could. \* \* \* The whole secession party here know this to be the position and purpose of the Union party, but a portion of them seek to bring about personal conflicts, and to engage strangers, under the influence of whisky, to do a dirty and villainous work they have the meanness to do without the courage.

"If these God-forsaken scoundrels and hell-deserving assassins want satisfaction for what I have said about them—and it has been no little—they can find me on these streets every day of my life but Sunday. I am at all times prepared to give them satisfaction. I take back nothing that I have ever said against the corrupt and unprincipled villains, but reiterate all, cast it in their dastardly faces, and hurl down their lying throats their own infamous calumnies.

"Finally, the destroying of my small flag, or of my town property, is a small matter. The carrying out of the State upon the mad wave of secession is also a small matter compared with the great principle involved. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am a Union man, and owe my allegiance to the Stars and Stripes of my country. Nor can I, in any possible contingency, have any respect for the Government of the Confederate States, originating as it did, and being controlled by the worst men in the South."

The Parson, in the *Whig* of April 20th, thus alluded to Mr. Lincoln and his position in the war inaugurated:

"For this unauthorized assault on Sumter, the Southern rebels plead that the Government at Washington refused to acknowledge their independence, and to treat with their bogus Commissioners. We hold that the Government did precisely right not to recognize their independence, as in doing so it would have acknowledged the right of secession, the right of stealing Government forts and arms, and Government mints and money!

"We are no Lincoln man—we neither admire him or his counselors, nor do we approve of his policy or principles—and we have the consolation of knowing that we did all in our power to prevent his election. But we deny that Lincoln *began* this war, or that he is responsible for the consequences and the bloodshed which may follow. Every paper in the

fifteen slave States may declare for a Southern Confederacy and charge the cause of this cruel and unnatural war upon Lincoln. We shall deny the fact as long as we have our senses, and refuse, to the day of our death, to go into a Southern Confederacy, or to agree that honor, patriotism, or a love of country influenced the vile, hypocritical, corrupt and insincere leaders who have plunged the cotton States into this revolution."

## THE PARSON'S VALEDICTORY.

The Knoxville *Whig* did not suspend its issue until October 26th, 1861, when the Parson announced the story of its stoppage and his own persecutions in the following remarkable editorial—at once his valedictory and his defiance of his persecutors:

"The issue of the *Whig* must necessarily be the last for some time to come—I am unable to say how long. The Confederate authorities have determined upon my arrest, and I am to be indicted before the Grand Jury of the Confederate Court which commenced its session at Nashville on Monday last. I would have awaited the indictment and arrest before announcing the remarkable event to the world, but as I only publish a weekly paper, my hurried removal to Nashville would deprive me of the privilege of saying to my subscribers what is alike due to myself and them. I have the fact of my indictment, and consequent arrest having been agreed upon for this week, from distinguished citizens, legislators and lawyers at Nashville, of both parties. Gentlemen of high positions, and members of the Secession party, say that the indictment will be made because of some 'treasonable articles in late numbers of the *Whig*.' I have reproduced those two 'treasonable articles' on the first page of this issue, that the unbiassed people of the country may 'read, mark, learn and inwardly digest' the treason. They relate to the culpable

remissness of these Knoxville leaders in failing to volunteer in the cause of the Confederacy.

“According to the usages of the court, as heretofore established, I presume I could go free by taking the oath these authorities are administering to other Union men, but my settled purpose is not to do any such thing. I can doubtless be allowed my personal liberty by entering into bonds to keep the peace, and to demean myself toward the leaders of Secession in Knoxville, who have been seeking to have me assassinated all summer and fall, as they desire me to do, for this is really the import of the thing, and one of the leading objects sought to be attained. Although I could give a bond for my good behavior for one hundred thousand dollars, signed by fifty as good men as the country affords, I shall obstinately refuse to do even that; and if such bond is drawn up and signed by others, I will render it null and void by refusing to sign it. In default of both, I expect to go to jail, and I am ready to start upon one moment’s warning. Not only so, but there I am prepared to lie, in solitary confinement, until I waste away because of imprisonment, or die from old age. Stimulated by a consciousness of innocent uprightness, I will submit to imprisonment for life, or die at the end of a rope, before I will make any humiliating concession to any power on earth!

“I have committed no offense—I have not shouldered arms against the Confederate Government or the State, or encouraged others to do so—I have discouraged rebellion publicly and privately—I have not assumed a hostile attitude toward the civil and military authorities of this new Government. But I have committed grave, and I really fear unpardonable offenses: I have refused to make war upon the Government of the United States; I have refused to publish to the world false and exaggerated accounts of the several engagements had

between the contending armies; I have refused to write out and publish false versions of the origin of this war, and of the breaking up of the best Government the world ever knew; and all this I will continue to do if it cost me my life. Nay, when I agree to do such things, may a righteous God palsy my right arm, and may the earth open and close in upon me forever!

“The real object of my arrest and contemplated imprisonment is, to dry up, break down, silence and destroy the last and only Union paper left in the eleven seceded States, and thereby to keep from the people of East Tennessee the facts which are daily transpiring in the country. After Hon. Jefferson Davis had stated in Richmond, in a conversation relative to my paper, that he would not live in a Government that did not tolerate freedom of the press; after the judges, attorneys, jurors, and all others holding positions of honor and trust under the ‘Permanent Constitution,’ which guarantees freedom of the press, and after the whole freedom of the press of the South had come down in their thunder tones upon the Federal Government for suppressing the *Louisville Courier* and the *New York Day Book*, and other secession journals, I did expect the utmost liberty to be allowed to one small sheet, whose errors could be combatted by the entire Southern press!

“It is not enough that my paper has been denied a circulation through the ordinary channels of conveyance in the country, but it must be discontinued altogether, or its editor must write and select only such articles as meet the approval of a pack of scoundrels in Knoxville, when their superiors in all the qualities that adorn human nature, are in the penitentiary of our State! And this is the boasted liberty of the press in the Southern Confederacy!

“I shall in no degree feel humbled by being cast into

prison, whenever it is the will and pleasure of this august Government to put me there; but, on the contrary, I shall feel proud of my confinement. I shall go to jail as John Rogers went to the stake—for my principles. I shall go, because I have failed to recognize the hand of God in the work of breaking up the American Government, and the inauguration of the most wicked, cruel, unnatural and uncalled-for war ever recorded in history. I go, because I have refused to laud to the skies the act of tyranny, usurpation and oppression inflicted upon the people of East Tennessee, because of their devotion to the Constitution and laws of the Government, handed down to them by their fathers, and the liberties secured to them by a war of seven long years of gloom, poverty and trial! I repeat, I am proud of my position and my principles, and shall leave them to my children as a legacy, far more valuable than a princely fortune, had I the latter to bestow.

“With me, life has lost some of its energy—having passed six annual posts on the western slope of half a century, something of the fire of youth is exhausted—but I stand forth with the eloquence and energy of right to sustain and stimulate me in the maintenance of my principles. I am encouraged to firmness when I look back to the face of Him ‘whose power was righteousness,’ while the infuriated mob cried out, ‘Crucify him! crucify him!’

“I owe my numerous list of subscribers the filling out of their respective terms for which they have made advance payments, and if circumstances ever place it in my power to discharge these obligations, I will do it most certainly. But if I am denied the liberty of doing so, they must regard their small losses as so many contributions to the cause in which I have fallen. I feel that I can, with confidence, rely upon the magnanimity and forbearance of my patrons under this state

of things. They will bear me witness that I have held out as long as I am allowed to, and that I could not avert the horrors of, or successfully oppose.

"I will only say, in conclusion—for I am not allowed the privilege to write—that the people of this country have been unaccustomed to such wrongs; they can yet scarcely realize them. They are astounded, for the time being, with the quick succession of outrages that have come upon them and they stand horror-stricken, like men expecting ruin and annihilation. I may not live to see the day, but thousands of my readers will, when the people of this once prosperous country will see that they are marching, by 'double-quick time,' from freedom to bondage. They will then look these wanton outrages upon right and liberty full in the face, and my prediction is, that they will 'stir the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.' Wrongs less wanton and outrageous precipitated the French revolution. Citizens cast into dungeons without charges of crime against them, and without the formalities of a trial by jury; private property confiscated at the beck of those in power; the press humbled, muzzled, and suppressed, or prostituted to serve the ends of tyranny! The crimes of Louis XVI fell short of all this, and yet he lost his head! The people of this country, down-trodden and oppressed, still have the resolutions of their illustrious forefathers, who asserted their rights at Lexington and Bunker Hill!

"Exchanging, with proud satisfaction, the editorial chair and the sweet endearments of home for a cell in the prison, or the lot of an exile, I have the honor to be, etc.,

"WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW,

"Editor of the Knoxville *Whig*."

## THE UNION OCCUPATION OF TENNESSEE.

THE " Union Grand March " now awakens the tread of five hundred thousand men, and the chorus is the roar of cannon, the crashing of shot and shell as they drive dismay into the very center of the rebellious States. How welcome that Grand March was to the people of Tennessee none but the long-suffering Unionists of that State may tell. Buell's advancing hosts come on like the rolling in of day after the darkness and storm of a terrible night, and the sun was never more gladly welcomed by its worshipers than the Union ensign.

The restoration of Tennessee forms a fitting sequel to the story of the disaster which overwhelmed her with ruin, and forms a comment on the rebel cause which will confirm all that Parson Brownlow has uttered regarding the baseness, the cowardice, the treachery of its leaders. A resident of Nashville who was present in that place when the rebel army evacuated it and *retired* to the *undisputed* domains of Jefferson Davis, gave, through the columns of a New York journal, a recital of the incidents accompanying the evacuation; and from that account we draw the following pages:

## THE BRAVE DEFENDERS.

No events of the war, North or South, have been more pregnant with results, or more remarkably interesting, than those which have occurred in this city since the opening fire upon Fort Donelson, Friday, the 14th of February. The easy surrender of Fort Henry had shaken the confidence of the people in Fort Donelson, and its loss seemed to them as likely to result in precipitating the "vandals" unceremoniously upon

their then "sacred," now *scared*, soil. Accordingly, magnificent efforts, full of sound and fury, were at once instituted to prepare, in case Fort Donelson should fall, to take up the gauntlet and beat back the "ruthless invader." The pledges made through the last nine months that they would submit to annihilation rather than surrender, came up and demanded their fulfillment. At once an impromptu gathering of the people was had, a banner bearing the inscription, "To the Rescue," "Defend your Homes," etc., was improvised on white domestic with black paint, the remnants of a brass band induced to collect up their rusty instruments, and soon a procession of four or five hundred citizens, headed by General R. C. Foster, was marching through the principal streets. In this procession were most of the leading citizens of the place—the Ewings, Governor Brown, etc. They rested at the public square, and patriotic speeches were delivered, the speakers pledging themselves to shed their last drop of blood in defense of their homes, and leave their bones to bleach upon the streets and to force the enemy to wade knee-deep in blood before they should press the soil of Tennessee. It was true they had no arms, but every man could get a pike, and every man should get a pike—really, as had been suddenly discovered, one of the most formidable weapons known to the world. The ordnance department had but recently contracted for a thousand of these terrible toad-stickers, and they would be ready in a couple of weeks.

#### NOT A COWARD AMONG THEM!

In the mean time there was one man on the ground who had his pike, and that was something. The crowd adjourned about dark, to meet again the next day at three o'clock. The papers next morning contained fervent and eloquent appeals to the people to rally; glowing eulogies upon their courage

and ineluctable determination to die in the trenches, and a proclamation from the Mayor requiring all places of business to be closed at three P. M., in order to give the citizens an opportunity to drill. They met again at three o'clock on Friday, marched through the streets with slight accessions to their numbers, and concluded the entertainment with several more "last drop of blood" speeches, one of which was from Mayor Cheatham, whose devotion to the Southern cause, and whose determination to go under with the City of Dornicks was too strong for the strongest language to express. After supper, the defenses of the city were further strengthened by some furious speeches at the Capital. Among others, Governor Isham G. Harris, the chief of Tennessee rebels, told his confiding constituents, as he stove in the top of his stove-pipe hat with his clenched fist, that he would be the last to leave them, and his bones should bleach upon the funeral pile before he would turn his back upon the city. He looked fierce, and no doubt he was. No one doubted his ability to chaw up and spit out at least five live Yankees, even including the elegant corporosity of the gallant General Nelson.

#### THE PRICE OF A "SNEAK."

Saturday the parade was repeated, but the crowd did not increase in dimensions fast enough. Coaxing wouldn't do, and other measures must be resorted to. All the fine compliments about the alacrity and intrepidity with which every man was rushing to arms were about to prove false, either for the want of arms to rush to, or some other cause. Hon. Andrew Ewing accordingly announced that on the following Monday, the 17th, a committee would wait upon every citizen, take his name, and, if he would not fight, *the reason why*, all of which would be published in the papers, and all who would not volunteer in defense of the city would be required to

leave it. This announcement was received with a dismal cheer from a few close around the speaker, and after several other orators had reiterated and indorsed the programme, the meeting adjourned and the citizens repaired to their homes. Little did the Hon. Andrew Ewing think as he rode out of the city, after so grossly insulting the people, that it was the last time he would visit it for many a day. Little did he think as he rode through the magnificent lawn of blue grass and forest-trees which fronts his country villa, that that was his last night for a long time in his cosy home, and that when he returned to it, if return he does, he would find its beauties destroyed, its halls desecrated.

#### SOMETHING HITS THEM !

During the past three days the reports telegraphed from Fort Donelson announced repeated victories to the Southern army, and concluded on Saturday night by stating that the Federals had been whipped by land and water, though they had been reinforced, and might renew the attack in the morning. Every one retired in peace, relying upon a Confederate victory as certain. Sunday morning early, however, some little rustling might have been noticed among the knowing ones, great anxiety being manifested to hear from the fort. The body of the people rose leisurely and prepared for the duties of the Sabbath. The hour for morning service arrived, and the streets and churches were filling with ladies and gentlemen. Before service opened, however, a bustle was noticed throughout the aisles, and the devotees rise one after another and leave the churches. By this time the rumor was current on the streets that Fort Donelson was surrendered, that the gun-boats had passed Clarksville, on their way to Nashville, and that a large army was approaching the city from the direction of Russellville, having already, as the rumor went

reached Springfield, the county seat of Robertson county, about twenty-five miles distant by railroad.

### SKEDADDLE !

In the mean time the redoubtable Governor had convened the Legislature, and communicated to them the imminent danger which threatened, and the necessity of preparing for —what? Defense, of course, you say. Not exactly. The dent in his hat had been removed, his hands were unclenched, his nerves were unstrung, his face was pallid, and his watchword was *flight* ! The Legislature immediately adjourned to meet in Memphis on the 20th, and the Governor hurrying the archives of the State into a dry goods box, the Comptroller packing his accounts, and the terrified Treasurer cramming his Confederate bonds hastily into his overcoat pocket, the whole party hurried to the depot, impressed a special train, and made all haste for Memphis. But the Governor found time to ride down to the Public Square on his fine steed, and harangue the people. Rumor says he told them to *fly for their lives* ! but I did not see this part of the performance. At all events he succeeded in throwing the whole city into one of the most distressing panics ever witnessed. The streets were filled with women wringing their hands and convulsed with sobs. Men hurried from group to group, and the absurd rumor which had created all this terror, and which gained credit by the course of the Governor and Legislature, were reverberated from mouth to mouth. Preparations for sudden flight were at once commenced by hundreds of families. Trunks and chests were hastily packed, vehicles of all kinds were put in immediate requisition, and before night the railroads were crowded to the utmost capacity, and the turnpikes leading to Murfreesboro and Columbia were black with fugitives. These foolish people had been taught to believe that

the "Yankees" would burn, murder, destroy, despoil and ravish. Their terror was indescribable. Elegant and comfortable houses were deserted, and the fugitives threw themselves recklessly out of the city, without knowing where they were going, or where they would find shelter—only remembering that the "vandals" were close upon them.

#### GRAND CHARGE UPON THE MEAT BARRELS.

During this day, Sunday, the retreating army of General A. S. Johnson, from Bowling Green, passed through the city, the General himself having arrived in advance. It was immediately given out that no stand was to be made against the Federals. The city was to be surrendered. Some were for burning it; fortunately, the majority was large against the absurd notion. But, at least fifteen or twenty of the largest warehouses in the city were stored with commissary and quartermaster stores. The question arose, what was to be become of this immense amount of property, the bulk of which was salted, not smoked. It was determined, as a compromise, as they could not be burned without burning the city, to distribute them among the people; and the Mayor announced that, on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, the warehouses would be opened to the public. During Sunday night the excitement gained strength and volume. Two large New Orleans packets, the *James Woods* and *James Johnson*, which had been stripped of their upper works, and were in process of transformation into gun-boats, were burned, lighting up the city, and producing the impression that it had been fired. Monday morning the city was alive with men and women, and vehicles of every description, hurrying to the warehouses to get the public stores. Vehicles were loaded and hurried off and returned, and many selfish cormorants lled their stores with meat, lard, mess beef, etc., calculating

on selling it out in the future. Men and women were hurrying through the streets with two or three middlings or hams on their shoulders. Others were rolling barrels of flour through the mud, and up the hills to their homes. The military and hospitals came in with their requisitions, and, pressing the wagons, drays and carts of citizens, added additional confusion to the scene.

#### THEY GET COURAGE AND "TIGHT."

Meanwhile, large quantities were removed to the dépôts for transportation South. This continued until evening, when the military authorities, having taken a chill, concluded that they had acted rather prematurely, and ordered that the warehouses be closed, and the stores already distributed collected and put in possession of the Government. A force of cavalry was detailed for the latter duty, and, half of them drunk, they rudely entered the houses and forced those who had carried off goods to carry them back. Tuesday the stores were reopened, but under restrictions. Committees were stationed to equalize the distribution. By this means, a few favorites were allowed to get hundreds of dollars' worth, while the poor laborer and the widow without a dollar's worth of food in her house, knocked in vain at the doors, or were rudely run over by the military guard, who rode their horses recklessly among them, and brandished their sabers over their heads, or held the muzzles of their pistols or rifles to their faces, with their fingers upon the trigger. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, these scenes were reënacted, each day adding to the enormities which were committed. The Confederate cavalry had free sweep. They pressed wagons, and loaded them with ten, twenty and thirty bags of coffee, worth seventy-five cents a pound in this country; and instead of taking them to their camps or the hospitals, as

they pretended was their business, they sold them for a comparative trifle to some of the merchants. They were detected in these tricks several times, but there was no one to punish them. They had got their "rights in the territories," and were enjoying them without hindrance.

#### SHOCKING OUTRAGES.

The outrages committed upon the people by these Confederate soldiers will never be half recorded. It is said that after leaving Bowling Green, which they devastated as much as possible, they stole, on the march to Nashville, hundreds of horses and negro men, under the pretence of *pressing* them into the service. Most of the regiments encamped within two to four miles of the city, on the turnpike leading to Murfreesboro. Notwithstanding there was abundance of supplies of every kind in the city belonging to the Government, and which was expected to fall into the hands of the Federals, and abundant facilities for transporting them, they preferred, in a spirit of wantonness, to despoil the farms and farm-houses in the neighborhood. They encamped at the finest residences, took possession of them without ceremony, burned all their fences, appropriated all their forage, and pressed white and black into the kitchen to cook for them. They fed their horses upon the porches, and slept in their filth in the parlors. In one instance, which came under my personal knowledge, they encamped upon the premises of a poor farmer, who was a renter, and had nothing but his crop to support himself until another harvest. They stripped him of his little bundle of oats and fodder, burned his fences, forced him to remove his family in the night, in a drenching rain, and took possession of his dwelling. When he begged them to leave enough to last him a few days, the reply was that he might be thankful that they left his head upon his

shoulders. So effectually did they strip him of every thing, and lay waste his farm, that he was obliged to remove to another place, and leave his former home entirely. I must not forget to mention that among other places to which they paid their visits, was the beautiful country seat of Hon. Andrew Ewing, before alluded to. They found it unoccupied. The redoubtable Andrew, who, on Saturday night was so valiant, and ready to meet the enemy with a pike, on Sunday evening was rattling in his carriage over the turnpike—a much safer pike than that of which he talked so eloquently a few hours before. His Confederate friends encamped in his lawn, consumed his forage and provisions, cut down the forest-trees in his lawn, slept in his house, defiled his parlors in the most beastly manner, and mutilated his buildings. So much for one's friends. No wonder he ran from his enemies.

Many of you remember Major Wm. B. Lewis, who was the nearest personal and political friend of General Jackson, and figured prominently in public life during Jackson's presidential term. He is still living about two miles from this city, his son-in-law, who formerly, I believe, represented the French court as minister at Washington, being a member of his household. His farm was despoiled like the others, his fences destroyed and his wheat fields laid open, and his goods consumed and destroyed. Not content with this, the marauders carried off with them every horse and mule on his place, and three of his negroes.

One or two regiments of cavalry were kept in the city and vicinity during the entire week, the main body having moved on, flying from an enemy which had not yet appeared. These highway robbers committed all sorts of outrages in the city. They rushed into public stables, in broad daylight, and seized horses and fled with them, under whip and spur, and at night they prowled about in alleys, broke open private stables, and

carried off the best horses that could be found. They forced men to dismount in the streets and deliver up their horses. They stripped citizens of overcoats in broad day, upon the public streets, in mere wantonness, for the quartermaster had abundant supplies of clothing which they could get for the asking. They sat down at the tables of the hotels and eat, and if the landlord dared hint of compensation, they would show him the handles of their pistols, and ask him if he "could change that?" They entered clothing and shoe stores, selected the finest goods, put them on, and walked off, telling the proprietor to help himself. This forced the merchants to close their doors; but in two instances, to my knowledge, they broke them open in daylight and robbed them. One of these was a hat store on Union street, kept by Mr. Wherry, in which they helped themselves very moderately. The other was a merchant tailor's establishment on Cherry street, kept by Mr. Thomas J. Hough. He had been robbed by them, on the day previous, "right before his face." He immediately closed his doors, and packed his most valuable goods in boxes. On this occasion, they visited his residence and called for him. He was absent, but they informed his wife if he did not come immediately and open his store, they would break it open. The terrified woman hastened to inform her husband, but, before he could reach the store, they broke open the house, ransacked his boxes, and carried off on their horses about one thousand dollars' worth of his clothing, all of which, doubtless, they sold to get whisky, which is not only the chief luxury but the staple article of diet of these valiant horsemen.

I might continue these details, but I weary of the disgraceful record. Enough has been related to give your readers an idea of what the citizens of Nashville passed through during that terrible week.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGES.

General Johnson, who had moved on in advance, being "a little lame," I presume, left an order for the destruction of the beautiful wire bridge which spanned the Cumberland, and which was the pride of the city; and also the railroad draw-bridge, a work which cost two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and was one of the finest pieces of bridge architecture in the country. General Floyd was left in command of the city, who, though he claimed the privilege of retreating first at Fort Donelson, stating, as a reason, that he could not afford to be taken prisoner, as they would put him in the penitentiary, was forced by his senior in command to remain here. He was assisted by Generals Pillow and Hardee in his arduous duties. Strenuous efforts were made by our citizens to save the wire bridge, but without avail. Both structures were consumed on Tuesday night. The wire bridge was built by a stock company, and cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. A principal part of the stock was owned by the late General Zollicoffer, and was the only dependence of his six orphaned daughters.

## THE YANKEES! THE YANKEES!

It was not till Sunday morning, the 2d, eight days after the panic, that the first live Yankee made his appearance on the opposite side of the river, twenty-four of General Buell's pickets having arrived in Edgefield during the night. During these eight days the Federals had been hourly expected in force, and you may imagine, after the taste the citizens had had of the Confederates, they were anxious for some one to take their places, even if it was old Nick himself, or even James Gordon Bennett. Frequently during this time the report was spread that "the Yankees were coming," and the

people would throng to the wharf to get a first glimpse of them. On one occasion, I joined the crowd. A burly Irish woman jostled past me, exclaiming: "An' sure, it is thrue that the Yankees are coming." "Thru enough," replied her companion. "Then, be me sowl, I'll go and tell them how d'ye," she rejoined, and hurried on. Arriving at the bank of the river, I descried in the distance, upon the opposite side, a drove of cattle, with three or four drovers on horseback. It was a sell.

#### THEY COME! THEY COME!

Monday came, and the Federal pickets were yet unsupported. They had seized an old steamboat, which had been improvised for a ferry, and declined to let it return. The people over here, they said, had such a *penchant* for burning things that they were afraid to trust them with it. Col. Kennett, of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, arrived on Sunday evening, and the city was virtually surrendered to him by the Mayor; the formalities, however, were deferred until the arrival of Generals Buell and Mitchell from Bowling Green, and General Nelson with his fleet. The Confederate pickets hovered about the city until Tuesday morning, but the disembarkation of troops on that day made it necessary for them to recede. The city is now in quiet possession of the Federal army.

One more interesting incident of this ever-to-be-remembered era, and I have done. Some of the military wiseacres concluded, before the fall of Fort Donelson, that, in the event of such an occurrence, "they could still save their bacon." The result was that two or three hundred negroes were pressed, and put to work erecting a fortification on the river bluff, about five miles above the city, which was dubbed Fort Zollicoffer. The timbers which had been prepared for the gunboats were appropriated, the fort erected, and five or six of the most effective guns in the Confederacy mounted. By

advantage of position, this fort, though hastily constructed, could have greatly impeded, if not entirely prevented, the progress of any one or two gunboats. It was manned by a Missouri regiment, and boasts were made that it would save the city. But the *panic* was too much for it. That terrible enemy, more formidable than an army, caused it to be razed without awaiting an enemy. The fine guns were bursted, or spiked, or thrown into the river, and the fort burned. The record of its "*glorious defense*" will never be written.

So much for that "dying in the last ditch." Harris, Ewing, and all the rest of the "braves" *retired*, probably seeking for that last ditch. May they find it, and have Parson Brownlow to shrive them!

#### HOW THE "SECESH" PRESS SUBMITTED.

The Nashville *Banner*, having fought the bad fight of secession so long as Davis reigned and tyrannized over the State, thus easily glided (March 15th) into loyalty. Why it did not write this same paragraph one year previously, it forgets to say:

"The unexpected and sudden events that have lately crowded around us, deeply affecting, as they surely do, the interests, perhaps the destiny, of the Border Slaveholding States, must engage the serious attention of the patriotic people of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. These States have been well-nigh surrendered to the Federal armies within the past twenty days. The military authority of the United States has been extended over them, and their inhabitants, however prompted, must commit themselves, irresistibly, to that authority. We do not express a conviction which future events may not remove, when we say that, looking at the present aspect of affairs, it would seem that the Confederate Government, in the language of the last message of

its President, 'has undertaken more than it can successfully accomplish.' The line of Southern defenses has been almost entirely withdrawn from their advance positions on the Northern border of the Confederacy, to the immediate protection of the original seceded States. It MAY BE, amid the varied and uncertain fortunes of war, that the States under our immediate consideration are to be permanently held under Federal authority. In view, then, of such a possibility, and as one who feels a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of these States, we can but look to a future political relation which circumstances beyond our control may bring about.

"Are we, then, to have peace? Is the shield of the Constitution, as our fathers made it, to be thrown about us, securing our rightful heritage in all that ennobles American citizenship? Are we to be held as equals amid a brotherhood of sovereign States, whose domestic affairs shall remain unmolested by those whom, heretofore, we have feared to trust as friends? Or, are we to be tossed again upon the ceaseless waves of slavery agitation? Is the Constitution to be made the guise of oppression, our State equality merged in a great consolidated power, and we its helpless victims? These questions are full of importance to us. We can support the Constitution of our fathers in future, as we have sought to do in the past. We can sustain a Union of equality, such as Webster and Jackson aimed to preserve. *To such* a Constitution and *such* a Union, we have been ever ready to pledge the ardent vows of a patriot.

"It is natural, indeed, that the Border slave States should look with deep anxiety upon the prospect now before them. They have been conservative in the past. They deserve, therefore, a better reward for the wise counsels they have given the country, than to be made the victims of a policy

now sought to be inaugurated by the radical men of the North. Will Mr. Lincoln yield to the insane clamors of such politicians? The opportunity, perhaps, is near at hand when he may exhibit himself to the American people in the attitude of a broad-minded, magnanimous statesman. The policy of the Government toward these States will prove to the world 'what manner of man he is.' "

#### REAPPEARANCE OF ANDREW JOHNSON AND HIS COADJUTORS.

The first Union speeches made in Tennessee, after its occupation by the Federal troops, were by Andrew Johnson, Emerson Etheridge and Horace Maynard—devoted and faithful friends of Tennessee, through all her fearful travail. Johnson was appointed, by Mr. Lincoln, Provisional Governor of his State, and immediately hurried to Nashville, to commence the work of reorganization. He was serenaded, on the evening of March 11th, (1862,) by one of the army bands, and upon being called out, addressed his fellow-citizens in the following patriotic strain :

"I deeply and truly appreciate this demonstration of respect and confidence. I am affected by the circumstances under which I return to you, which renders me all the more sensitive to, and grateful for this testimony from my fellow-citizens. I return to you with no hostile purpose, with no new doctrine to avow, no strange teachings to inculcate. For what do I come? I come with the olive-branch in one hand and the Constitution in the other, to render whatever aid may be in my power, in reërecting, upon her rightful domain of Tennessee, the Star-Spangled Banner—that flag borne by him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;' borne by him also, whose sacred ashes repose almost within the sound of my voice, and borne also by many a thousand of our countrymen, when the

blood spouted from their heel, and no covering sheltered them but the stormy, pitiless cloud—to aid you in reëstablishing the supremacy of this flag, so dear to your fathers and mine. I came to aid you in the upholding and defending of this, the best Government that God ever spoke into existence! I have never deserted that Government. How could I? The exiled—my wife driven hither and thither, her servants stolen; my home a rebel hospital—how could I desert the glorious Government under which I had been so richly and abundantly blessed, and under which so many of my fellow-beings have enjoyed, and do enjoy, so bountifully the boon of liberty and security.”

The Governor then passed to the inquiry for what purpose is the war, and pressed home with great zeal and force the answer, for the maintenance of the Constitution and Government. He then recurred to the wicked deception that had been practiced upon the people in the canvass of 1860. He referred to his town speech here at that time, in which he contended in all sincerity, that the Breckenridge party was as much the party of the Union as any other. Bell, Breckenridge and Douglas men, were all taught the doctrine of “the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.” Breckenridge deceived him. He was a disunionist at the time. His was a disunion party. Notwithstanding all the vieing with each other of these three parties for the palm of Unionism, every one of their several leaders in this State have become open rebels against the Government of the United States.

He then laid bare, with scathing severity, the real cause of the war against the Government, which he declared to be disappointed ambition, and not slavery. The latter was but a pretext, predicted by Jackson. Look at the hypocrite Yancey telling Great Britain now that slavery was not the cause of

the war. These men pretended that they were protecting slavery by withdrawing from the Union, while it was clear to every candid mind that the only protection to slavery was in the Constitution of the United States.

“Tennesseans, I have taken part in your politics since 1838—have I ever deceived you? Is there a man within the sound of my voice, or a man, woman or child in the State, who can say that he or she has been deceived by Andrew Johnson? Why all this persecution against me and mine? Why am I exiled, driven from my home, and my hard earnings taken from me? Simply because I adhere to my Government and yours, my flag and your flag, the Government and the flag of your fathers. Because I loved them too well. Because, having been born and bred under them, I have determined to die under them.”

An eloquent tribute was then paid to the United States Government as the Government of the people by the people.

He painted, in telling terms, the track of desolation that secession left. Bridges, crops, dwellings destroyed; brother arrayed against brother in deadly conflict; families torn asunder; widows broken-hearted, and orphans crying for bread. All such scenes as these are on the track of the Demon's tread. He pointed the eyes of Secessionists present to this scene, and asked, were it not enough, had they not suffered enough at the hands of this accursed monster? Had they not been duped and deceived by such as Davis, Toombs and the like, long enough? Would they not see their folly and crime and return to their allegiance? He searched them with the question, was there a man there who had lost a single right or been deprived of a single privilege under the Constitution? They were entreated to ponder and reflect upon their suicidal course; to remember that “the soul of liberty was the love of law;” that there was no hope for us,

but in reverence for the Constitution and laws of the country.

The Governor closed by a most affecting allusion to East Tennessee, where his desolate home was, and his sick, sad wife. His voice rung out like a clarion through the silent city, calling upon his countrymen to come forward in the defense of his beloved section of the State; to show their hands, to fear not and speak out. He declared his willingness to share with them any and all dangers for the rescue of Tennessee from the jaws of the infernal monster.

Traitors should be punished and treason crushed. He came with no hostility or animosity in his heart; he came for the defense of the weak, the restoration of the erring, the punishment of the guilty, the reëstablishment of the Union and Constitution in Tennessee. "Come, my countrymen," he exclaimed, "let us gather around the old and lovely flag with one heart and soul, reading upon its folds the hallowed words of Webster: Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

#### THE JOAN OF ARC OF CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

One of the features of the 1st Tennessee regiment is the person of a brave and accomplished young lady of but eighteen summers, and of prepossessing appearance, named Sarah Taylor, of East Tennessee, who is the step-daughter of Captain Dowden, of the 1st Tennessee regiment. Miss Taylor is an exile from her home, having joined the fortunes of her step-father and her wandering companions, accompanying them in their perilous and dreary flight from their homes and estates. Miss Taylor has formed the determination to share with her late companions the dangers and fatigues of a military campaign. She has donned a neat blue *chapeau*, beneath which her long hair is fantastically arranged, bearing at her side a highly-finished regulation sword, and silver-mounted

pistols in her belt, all of which gives her a very neat appearance. She is quite the idol of the Tennessee boys. They look upon her as a second Joan of Arc, believing that victory and glory will perch upon the standards borne in the ranks favored by her loved presence. Miss Captain Taylor is all courage and skill. Having become an adept in the sword exercise, and a sure shot with the pistol, she is determined to lead in the van of the march, bearing her exiled and oppressed countrymen back to their homes, or, if failing, to offer up her own life's blood in the sacrifice.

A gentleman who was on the ground at the moment, Nov. 19th, when the order was issued to the Tennesseans to march to reinforce Colonel Garrard, informs us that the wildest excitement pervaded the whole camp, and that the young lady above alluded to mounted her horse, and, cap in hand, galloped along the line like a spirit of flame, cheering on the men. She wore a blue blouse, and was armed with pistols, sword and rifle. A gentleman who was at the camp the whole time after the arrival of the Tennesseans, says that Miss Taylor is regarded by the troops as a guardian angel who is to lead them to victory. These persecuted men look upon the daring girl who followed their fortunes through sunshine and shadow with the tenderest feeling of veneration, and each would freely offer his life in her defense. There was but little sleep in camp on the night of the 19th, so great was the joy of the men at the prospect of meeting the foe, and at a very early hour in the morning they filed away jubilantly, with their Joan of Arc in the van. Just before taking up their line of march they all knelt, and, lifting up their right hands, solemnly swore never to return without seeing their homes and loved ones. Whether the East Tennesseans of Camp Dick Robinson shall do daring deeds or not, Miss Taylor's fame is perfectly secure.

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